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THE DUKE AND THE ACTRESS*

(A Play in One Act)

By Arthur Schnitzler

Translated from the German by Hans Weysz

CHARACTERS

Emile, Duke of Cadignan
François Vicomte de Nogeant
Albin Chevalier de la Tremouille
The Marquis of Lansac
Séverine, his wife
Rollin, a poet
Prospere, landlord, formerly manager of a theater
Henri
Guillaume
Scaevola
Jules
Michette
Flipotte
} His Company
Leocadie, actress, Henri's wife
Grasset, philosopher
Lebret, tailor
Grain, a tramp
A Police Commissioner
Noblemen, Actors, Actresses
Men and Women

(Takes place in Paris on the evening of July 14, 1789, in Prospere's *inn.)*

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(An inn. A room of moderate size in the cellar, which is connected at the right hand of the background with the street level, by seven steps. At the head of the stairway the room is closed by a door. A second door, hardly visible, is provided at the left hand of the background. A number of plain wooden tables, chairs around them, are occuping nearly the entire room. At the left is the bar, behind same a number of barrels. The room is illuminated by oil lamps, suspended from the ceiling.

The landlord, PROSPERE; *enter citizens* LEBRET *and* GRASSET

Grasset (still on the stairway).— Come in here, Lebret; I know this fountain. My old friend and manager has always some hidden cask, even if every one in Paris perishes with thirst.

Landlord.— Good evening, Grasset. Are you here once again? Are you through with philosophy? Do you feel like playing in my company again?

Grasset.— Oh, surely! Wine we want, I am the guest,— you are the landlord.

Landlord.— Wine? Where should I get wine, Grasset? They plundered all the wine stores in Paris last night. And I bet you were with them.

Grasset.— Get the wine! For the crowd which will come here an hour after us — *(listening).* Do you hear anything, Lebret?

Lebret.— It sounds like low thunder.

Grasset.— Fine, citizens of Paris! *(To* PROSPERE.) For the crowd you surely have some wine left. Well, get it. My friend and admirer, the citizen Lebret, tailor of the Rue Saint Honoré, pays everything.

Lebret.— Certainly, certainly, I pay.

Grasset.— Well, show him that you have money.

(LEBRET *draws his pocketbook.*)

Landlord.— Well, I'll see if — *(opens the cock of a cask and fills two glasses).* Where are you coming from, Grasset? From the Palais Royal?

Grasset.— Yes, indeed. I made a speech there. Yes, my dear Prospere, it's my turn now. Guess whom I spoke after?

Landlord.— Well?

Grasset.— After Camille Desmoulins. Yes, I dared to — and tell me, Lebret, who was more applauded, Desmoulins or I?

Lebret.— You, undoubtedly.

Grasset.— And how did I look?

Lebret.— Superb.

Grasset.— Do you hear, Prospere? I stepped on the table. I looked like a statue — yes, and a thousand, five thousand, ten thousand gathered around me just as before they did around Camille Desmoulins, and greeted me with acclaim —

Lebret.— It was a stronger acclamation.

Grasset.— Yes, not much, but it was stronger. And now they all go to the Bastille, and I dare say they are following my call. I swear we'll have it to-night.

Landlord.— Surely, if the walls would crash by your talk.

Grasset.— What, talk! Are you deaf? Now they are shooting. Our brave soldiers are with them. They have the same infernal rage against the wicked prison as we have. They know that behind those walls their brothers and fathers are imprisoned. But they would not shoot if we would not have spoken. My dear Prospere, the power of the mind is great. There (*to* LEBRET), where have you got the leaflets?

Lebret.— Here. (*Draws pamphlets out of his pocket.*)

Grasset.— Here are the latest pamphlets that were just distributed at the Palais Royal. There is one by my friend, Cerutti, Memorial for the French Nation, here is one by Desmoulins, who, sure enough, speaks better than he writes — *Independent France.*

Landlord.— When will the one you always talk about be published?

Grasset.— We need no more. The time of action has come. A rascal is he who stays at home to-day. Who ever is a man must be in the street!

Lebret.— Well spoken!

Grasset.— In Toulon they have killed the mayor, in Brignolles they have plundered a dozen houses. Only we in Paris are still slow and submit to everything.

Prospere.— Now you can't say that any more.

Lebret (*who has been drinking all the time*).— Rise, citizens, rise!

Grasset.— Rise — close up your place, and come with us now!

Landlord.— I will come when the time comes.

Grasset.— Oh, surely! When there won't be any more danger.

Landlord.— My friend, I love liberty just as much as you do, but first of all comes my profession.

Grasset.— There is but one profession now for the citizens of Paris: to free their brothers.

Landlord.— Yes, for those who have nothing else to do!

Lebret.— What does he say? He scoffs at us!

Landlord.— Not at all. You'd better get out now — my show will begin soon.

Lebret.— What kind of a show? Is this a theater?

Landlord.— Certainly this is a theater. Your friend has been in my company, — up to two weeks ago.

Lebret.— You have played here, Grasset? Why do you let this fellow sneer at you?

Grasset.— Be calm — it is true; I have played here, for this is no common restaurant. It is a criminals' joint — come on ——

Landlord.— First you will pay.

Lebret.— If this is a criminal's joint I will not pay a cent.

Landlord.— Why, explain to your friend where he is.

Grasset.— It is a peculiar place! People come here who play criminals, and others who are criminals without suspecting it.

Lebret.— Really ——

Grasset.— Kindly notice that what I just said was extremely clever; it could make an entire speech a success.

Lebret.— I do not understand a thing of what you say.

Grasset.— I just told you that Prospere was my manager, and he still plays comedy with his company; only in a different way than before. My former colleagues hang around and act as if they would be criminals. You understand? They tell monstrous tales and adventures they never experienced; talk about criminal acts they never committed, and the audience has the agreeable sensation of being among the most dangerous mob of Paris — among thieves, burglars, murderers, and ——

Lebret.— What kind of an audience?

Landlord.— The most aristocratic people of Paris.

Grasset.— Noblemen ——

Landlord.— Gentlemen of the king's court ——

Lebret.— Down with them!

Grasset.— That is something for them. That shakes up their languished senses. I started here. Lebret, this is where I made my first speech as if for fun — here I learned to hate the dogs who were sitting among us in their fine clothes, perfumed, filled with food — and I am glad, my dear Lebret, that you also see the place where your great friend started. (*In a different way.*) Tell me, Prospere, if the affair should go cross with me——

Landlord.— Which affair?

Grasset.— Well, my political career — would you allow me again to join your company?

Landlord.— Not for anything.

Grasset (*easy*).— Why? Perhaps some one beside your Henri could become a star.

Landlord.— Regardless of that, I should be afraid that you might forget, and start a real fight with one of my guests.

Grasset.— That is quite possible indeed.

Landlord.— I — I keep my self-control, you know.

Grasset.— Truly, Prospere, I must say that I should admire you for your self-control if I did not happen to know that you are a coward.

Landlord.— Oh, my friend, I am content with the work that I can perform in my profession. It is enough pleasure for me if I can tell these loafers what I think about them, and if I can insult them as much as I like — while they take it for a joke. That's also a way to get rid of one's rage. (*Draws a dagger and lets it sparkle.*)

Lebret.— Citizen Prospere, what does that mean?

Grasset.— Don't be afraid. I bet that the dagger is not even sharpened.

Landlord.— You might be mistaken, my friend; sometime, no doubt, the day will come when the fun turns earnest — and that's what I am prepared for at all events.

Grasset.— That day is near. We live in a great time! Come on, citizen Lebret, we want to join our friends. Farewell, Prospere, you see me again as a great man, or never.

Lebret.— As a great man — or — never.

(*Exeunt* GRASSET *and* LEBRET)

Landlord (*remains, sits down on a table, takes one of the pamphlets, and reads*).— "Now the cattle is in the loop, throttle it!" He doesn't write badly, that little Desmoulins. "Never before was a richer booty presented to the victors. Forty thousand palaces and castles, two fifths of all the property in France will be bravery's reward. They who think themselves conquerors will be enslaved, the nation will be cleared and purified."

(*The commissioner enters*)

Landlord (*looks him up and down*).— Why, the rabble comes early to-day?

Commissioner.— My dear Prospere, don't get funny; I am the commissioner of your district.

Landlord.— And what may I do for you?

Commissioner.— I have an order to attend the performance to-night.

Landlord.— I shall be greatly honored.

Commissioner.— It is not on that account, my dear Prospere. The authorities desire to know what has been going on here these last few weeks.

Landlord.— It is a place of amusement, commissioner, nothing else.

Commissioner.— Don't interrupt me. I've heard that these last few weeks dissolute orgies have been taking place here.

Landlord.— You are misinformed, commissioner, they are making fun here, nothing else.

Commissioner.— That's how it starts, I know. But it ends in a different way, as I heard You have been an actor?

Landlord.— Manager, commissioner, manager of an excellent company which played in Denis the last time.

Commissioner.— That does not matter. Haven't you made a fortune?

Landlord.— It is not worth mentioning, commissioner.

Commissioner.— Has your company ceased to exist?

Landlord.— Just as well as my fortune.

Commissioner (*smiling*).— Very well. (*Both smiling, then suddenly earnest.*) Then you started a restaurant?

Landlord.— Which was a complete failure.

Commissioner.— Whereafter you had an idea, which undoubtedly is original in a certain way.

Landlord.— You make me proud, commissioner.

Commissioner.— You have again brought together your company, and have them now perform here a peculiar and dangerous comedy.

Landlord.— If it were dangerous, commissioner, I should not have my audience — I can say the most elegant audience of Paris. The Vicomte de Nogeant is my daily guest, the Marquis de Lansac is a frequent caller, and the Duc de Cadignan, commissioner, is the most passionate admirer of my star, the famous Henri Baston.

Commissioner.— And also of the art or the arts of your actresses, I suppose?

Landlord.— If you knew my little actresses, commissioner, you would not object at all.

Commissioner.— Sufficient. It was reported to the authorities that the entertainments which your — how should I say ——

Landlord.— The word "artist" might be correct.

Commissioner.— I prefer the word persons. That the entertainments produced by your persons are trespassing in every respect the limits of what can be permitted. I have been informed that your—how may I say?— your artistic criminals are making speeches which — how does the report say? (*looks up his memorandum*)—are not only indecent, that we should not mind, but are such as to arouse extremely rebellious feelings, which at such excited times as ours cannot at all be ignored by the authorities.

Landlord.— To this charge I can only reply with a polite invitation to attend one of these shows. You will see that nothing rebellious is going on, because my audience cannot be made rebellious. We simply play, that's all.

Commissioner.— I naturally do not accept your invitation, but I shall come by virtue of my authority.

Landlord.— I think I can promise you the very best entertainment, commissioner; at the same time, however, I take the liberty of suggesting to you to appear in plain clothes instead of your uniform. You understand: if they would see a commissioner in uniform here, the frankness of my artists as well as the disposition of my audience would be disturbed.

Commissioner.— I think you are quite right, Mr. Prospere; I shall go and return as an elegant young gentleman.

Landlord.— That will be easy for you, commissioner; you are welcome also as a rascal—it would cause no surprise—but not as commissioner.

Commissioner.— Adieu.

(*Exit*)

Landlord (*bows*).— When will the day come when you and your equals—

Commissioner (*meets* GRAIN *in the door, who is costumed, and frightened when noticing the commissioner. The latter first looks him up and down, then smiles, and turns politely to Prospere*).— Is this one of your artists? (*Exit.*)

Grain (*speaks in a whining, pathetic tone*).— Good evening.

Landlord (*after having looked at him for a long time*).— If you are one of my company I don't want to deny you my appreciation, but I don't recognize you.

Grain.— What do you say?

Landlord.— So don't be funny, take your wig off, I really should like to know you who are. (*Pulls* GRAIN's *hair.*) Grain.

Grain.— Aoutch!

Landlord.— Gee, that's genuine! Who are you? Why, you seem to be a real tramp!

Grain.— Indeed, I am.

Landlord.— Well, what do you want?

Grain.— Have I the honor to be speaking with citizen Prospere, the landlord and manager?

Landlord.— That's me.

Grain.— My name is Grain — sometimes Carniche — in some cases the 'crying pumice,' but I was in jail under the name of Grain, citizen Prospere, and that is the essential point.

Landlord.— Oh, I understand. You want me to engage you, and you start in by giving me a good proof of your ability. All right, go on!

Grain.— Citizen Prospere, don't take me for a bluff. I am a man of honor. If I say I was in jail it is absolutely true.

Landlord (*looks at him suspiciously*).

Grain (*takes a certificate out of his pocket*).— Look here, citizen Prospere. This certificate proves that I was dismissed from prison yesterday afternoon at four o'clock.

Landlord.— After two years jail — that is real!

Grain.— Did you still doubt it, citizen Prospere?

Landlord.— But what have you done that they — for two years ——

Grain.— They would have hung me, but fortunately I was half a child when I killed my poor aunt.

Landlord.— I want to tell you something, you crying pumice. Your family tales do not at all interest me. Do you think I am here to be told by every tramp whom he killed? What do I care for all that? I suppose you want something?

Grain.— Yes, indeed, citizen Prospere, I come to ask you for some work.

Landlord (*sarcastic*).— I want to call your attention to the fact that there are no aunts to be murdered here; this is an establishment of pleasure.

Grain.— Oh, once was enough for me. I want to turn an honest man, and I was referred to you.

Landlord.— By whom, if I may ask?

Grain.— By an amiable young man who was put into my cell three days ago. Now he is alone. His name is Gaston, and you know him.

Landlord.— Gaston! Now I know why he hasn't shown up for three evenings. One of my best actors of pickpockets. He told stories; ah, how they laugh at them.

Grain.— Yes, and now they've caught him.

Landlord.— Caught? How so? Why, he did not steal really.

Grain.— Yes, he did. But it must have been the first time, for he did it with incredible awkwardness. Just think (*familiarly*), he put his hands into a lady's pocket, on the Boulevard de Capucines, and drew out her pocketbook — a real amateur. I confide in you, citizen Prospere, and so I want to confess to you, that there was a time when I also performed such little tricks, but never without my dear father. When I was still a child, when we all lived together, when my poor aunt still lived.

Landlord.— Now, what are you crying for? I find that odd! Who told you to kill her?

Grain.— Too late. But what I came for — give me a chance in your

place. I will go the other way. Gaston played the criminal, and became one. I ——

Landlord.— I'll try you. You will make a good effect merely by your mask. And at the right moment you will just tell the story about your aunt. Exactly as it was. I am sure, somebody in the crowd will ask you.

Grain.— I thank you, citizen Prospere. And as to my salary ——

Landlord.— To-day you play for a trial, so I can't pay you any salary. You will have plenty to eat and to drink, and I won't mind giving you a few francs for lodging.

Grain.— Thank you. And to the other members you simply introduce me as a guest from the country.

Landlord.— Oh, no — to them we'll tell right away that you are a real murderer. They will like that much better.

Grain.— Well, well, just as you say.

Landlord.— If you remain with the theater for a longer time you will better understand these matters.

(SCAEVOLA *and* JULES *enter*)

Scaevola.— Good evening, manager.

Landlord.— Landlord — How many times do you need to be told that the joke is lost if you call me manager?

Scaevola.— Whatever you are, I do not think we shall play to-night.

Landlord.— Why not?

Scaevola.— The people won't be in the right humor. There is an infernal noise in the streets, and especially in front of the Bastille they yell as if they were crazy.

Landlord.— What do we care? They have been making that noise for months, and our audience did not stay away. It was amused as before.

Scaevola.— Yes, they are as jolly as people that are shortly to be hung.

Landlord.— If I only shall live to see that!

Scaevola.— But now let us have a drink, so that I may get in the right mood. It is not at all satisfactory to-day.

Landlord.— That happens quite frequently, my dear friend. I want to tell you that I was thoroughly dissatisfied with you last night.

Scaevola.— How so, if I may ask?

Landlord.— The story you told of the burglary was simply silly.

Scaevola.— Silly?

Landlord.— Yes, sir. Absolutely improbable and incredible. Merely roaring won't do.

Scaevola.— I didn't roar!

Landlord.— You always roar. It really will be necessary for me to prepare everything with you. I can't rely upon your ideas. Henri is the only one.

Scaevola.— Henri and always Henri. Henri is an exaggerating comedian. My burglary of yesterday was a masterpiece. Henri will never produce anything of the kind. If I am not good enough for you, my friend, then I will just go to a real theater. This is no good, anyhow. Ah! (*Notices* GRAIN.) Who is that? He doesn't belong to our company, does he? Have you engaged a new man? What kind of a mask has this fellow?

Landlord.— Calm yourself, he is no professional actor. He is a real murderer.

Scaevola.— Oh, I see. (*Goes over to* GRAIN.) Very glad to meet you. My name is Scaevola.

Grain.— My name is Grain.

Jules (*who has been walking around in the place all the time, sometimes stopping as if having torturing thoughts.*)

Landlord.— What is the matter with you, Jules?

Jules.— I am learning my part by heart.

Landlord.— What?

Jules.— Remorse. To-day I'll play the part of a man with remorse. Look at me—what do you think of that wrinkle,—here on my forehead? Don't I look as if all the furies of hell —— (*walks up and down*).

Scaevola (*roaring*).— Wine, I want wine!

Landlord.— Be quiet, there is nobody here yet.

(*Enter* HENRI *and* LEOCADIE)

Henri.— Good evening. (*He salutes the people in the background with his hands.*) Good evening, gentlemen.

Landlord.— Good evening, Henri. Oh, with Leocadie?

Grain (*looks carefully at* LEOCADIE, *to* SCAEVOLA).— I know her. (*Speaks quietly to the others.*)

Leocadie.— Yes, my dear Prospere, it's me.

Landlord.— I haven't seen you for a year. Let me welcome you. (*Wants to kiss her.*)

Henri.— Stop! (*He looks frequently at* LEOCADIE *with pride and passion, but also with a kind of anxiety.*)

Landlord.— Why, Henri — old friends! Your old manager, Leocadie!

Leocadie.— Oh, those bygone days, Prospere!

Landlord.— Why are you sighing? If any one had success, it's you; of course, for a beautiful young woman it is much easier than for us.

Henri (*raging*).— Stop that.

Landlord.— Why on earth are you always hallooing at me? Because you are in her company once again?

Henri.— Keep quiet! Yesterday she became my wife.

Landlord.— Your — (*to* LEOCADIE) Is he joking?

Leocadie.— He has really married me. Yes.

Landlord.— Well, I congratulate you. Say, Scaevola, Jules, Henri has married.

Scaevola (*coming forward*).— I wish you luck (*winking at* LEOCADIE).

Jules (*also shakes hands with both*).

Grain (*to the* LANDLORD).— Oh, how peculiar! I saw this woman a few minutes after I got out of jail.

Landlord.— How so?

Grain.— It was the first beautiful woman that I had seen for two years. I was very much excited. But there was some other gentleman with the ——

Henri (*enthusiastic, but not declamatory*).— Leocadie, my love, my wife. Now everything is over that was before. Much vanishes in such a moment.

(SCAEVOLA *and* JULES *going to the background*)

Landlord (*again in front*).— What moment?

Henri.— Now when we are united by a holy sacrament. That is more than human oaths. Now God is above us, and everything that happened before will be forgotten. Leocadie, a new age is setting in. Leocadie, everything becomes holy: our kisses, however wild, are holy from now on. Leocadie, my love, my wife. (*Views her with fiery eyes.*) Hasn't she a different look now, Prospere, than she had before? Isn't her forehead pure? What has been, is extinguished, isn't it so, Leocadie?

Leocadie.— Certainly, Henri.

Henri.— And everything is all right. To-morrow we leave Paris. Leocadie is making her last appearance in the Porte Saint Martin, and I am playing to-night for the last time in your place.

Landlord.— Are you crazy, Henri? You want to leave me? And the manager of Porte Saint Martin would not think of letting Leocadie go. Why, she is his only star. She is drawing the largest crowds of young noblemen, so they say.

Henri.— Not a word more. Leocadie goes with me. She will never leave me. Tell me that you will never leave me, Leocadie. (*Roughly*) Tell me!

Leocadie.— I will never leave you.

Henri.— If you did, I should — (*pause*) I am tired of this life. I am longing for rest, rest is what I want.

Landlord.— Now, what are you going to do, Henri? It is simply ridiculous. I want to make you a proposition. I don't mind if you take Leocadie away from the Porte Saint Martin, but she shall stay here with me. I'll make a contract with her. We need some able actresses, anyhow.

Henri.— I have made up my mind, Prospere. We leave the city. We go to the country.

Landlord.— To the country? Where?

Henri.— To my old father, who is living lonely in our poor village— whom I have not seen for seven years. He hardly expected to see his prodigal son again. He will receive me joyfully.

Landlord.— What are you going to do in the country? They starve in the country. There the people live a thousand times worse than in the city. Why, what do you intend to do there, anyhow? You are not the man for working on a farm.

Henri.— You will see that on a farm I am the right man in the right place.

Landlord.— Soon no more grain will grow in France. You are going into sure misery.

Henri.— Into happiness, Prospere. Isn't it so, Leocadie? How often have we dreamed of it! I long for the peace of the wide fields. Yes, Prospere, in my dreams I see myself walking with her in the evening over the farm, in the calm night, the wonderful consoling sky above us. Yes, we flee away from this terrible and dangerous town; great peace will come upon us. Isn't it so, Leocadie? We have often dreamt of it.

Leocadie.— Yes, we have dreamed of it often.

Landlord.— Listen, Henri, you ought to think that over. I would not mind raising your salary, and I will give the same to Leocadie as to you.

Leocadie.— Do you hear, Henri?

Landlord.— I really do not know who could replace you here. Nobody in my company has such delicious ideas as you have, none of them is as popular as you are. Don't go away!

Henri.— Oh, I believe you that nobody can replace me.

Landlord.— Stay here, Henri (*gives* LEOCADIE *a look, she hints that she will fix it*).

Henri.— And I promise you the leavetaking will be hard for them, not for me. To-day, for my last appearance, I've made up something at which they will all be frightened. They will feel a presentiment of the end of their world, for their world's end is near. But I shall see it only from the far distance — they will tell it to us out there, Leocadie, many

days after it has happened. But they will shudder, I tell you. And you will say yourself: Henri has never played as well.

Landlord.— What are you going to play? What? Do you know, Leocadie?

Leocadie.— Why, I never know anything.

Henri.— Who suspects at all what a great artist I am?

Landlord.— Surely they suspect it, and that is just why I say that one doesn't retire to the country with such a talent. What an injustice to yourself! To art!

Henri.— What do I care for art! I want rest. You do not comprehend that, Prospere, you never loved.

Prospere.— Oh!

Henri.— As I love. I want to be alone with her — that's it. Leocadie, only this way can we forget everything. But then we shall be happier than any one has been before. We will have children, you will become a good mother, Leocadie, and a faithful wife. Everything, everything will be extinguished.

Leocadie.— It is late, Henri. I have to go to the theater. Good by, Prospere, I am glad to have seen your famous place where Henri celebrates his triumphs.

Landlord.— Why haven't you called?

Leocadie.— Henri didn't want me to — well, you know, on account of the young men I should have to sit with here.

Henri (*goes into the background*).— Let me have a drink, Scaevola. (*He drinks.*)

Landlord (*to* LEOCADIE, *as* HENRI *does not hear them*).— A regular fool, Henri — if you only had been sitting with them!

Leocadie.— Now, stop these remarks!

Landlord.— I advise you to look out. He'll kill you some day.

Leocadie.— What's the matter, anyhow?

Landlord.— Yesterday you were with one of your fellows again.

Leocadie.— That was no fellow, you fool, that was ——

Henri (*turns around quickly*).— What is it? No jokes, if you please. No more whispering now. There are no more secrets. She is my wife.

Landlord.— What did you give her for a wedding gift?

Leocadie.— Oh, Lord, he doesn't think of such trifles.

Henri.— Well, you shall get it to-day.

Leocadie.— What?

Scaevola and Jules.— What will you give her?

Henri (*quite earnestly*).— When you are through with your play you may come here and see me act. (*They laugh.*)

Henri.— No woman ever got a greater wedding gift. Come, Leocadie; *au revoir*, Prospere, I'll be back soon.

(*Exeunt* Henri *and* Leocadie)

(*Enter simultaneously:* François Vicomte de Nogeant, Albin Chevalier de la Tremouille)

Scaevola.— What a miserable swaggerer!

Landlord.— Good evening, you pigs.

(Albin *starts.*)

François.— Wasn't that little Leocadie from Porte Saint Martin?

Landlord.— Sure. Don't you think she could even remind you — if she would try very hard — that you are still something like a man?

François (*laughing*).— Quite possible. Bring us wine.

Landlord.— Yes, I will bring some. But the time will come when you will be satisfied with Seine water.

François.— Certainly, certainly. But for to-day I ask for wine, and even for the best.

(Landlord *goes to the bar.*)

Albin.— That's a terrible fellow.

François.— Don't forget that it's all a joke. And there are places in Paris where such things are spoken in earnest.

Albin.— Why isn't it forbidden?

François (*laughing*).— One can see that you are provincial.

Albin.— Well, in our place also nice things have been happening lately. The peasants are getting so fresh — we don't know what to do any longer.

François.— What do you want? The poor fellows are hungry; that's the whole secret.

Albin.— Can I help it? Or is it my great-uncle's fault?

François.— How do you come to think of him now?

Albin.— I have to think of him because they held a public meeting in our village — just think! — and there they plainly called my great-uncle, Count of Tremouille, a grain-usurer.

François.— Is that all?

Albin.— Now, I think ——

François.— Well, we'll go to the Palais Royal to-morrow, there you shall see what vicious speeches they make. But we let them talk; it is the

best we can do; altogether they are really good people, we just want to let them spend their rage in that way.

Albin (*pointing at* SCAEVOLA, *etc.*).—Who are these suspicious fellows? How they look at one! (*Wants to draw his sword.*)

François (*draws* ALBIN'S *hand back*).— Don't be ridiculous. (*To the three actors.*) You needn't begin yet, wait till more people are here. (*To* ALBIN.) They are the most decent people in the world, actors. I am sure that you have been sitting with worse rascals at one table already?

Albin.— But they were better dressed.

(LANDLORD *brings wine.*)

(MICHETTE *and* FLIPOTTE *are seen coming.*)

François.— Hello, girls, come on, sit down at our table.

Michette.— Here we are. Come here, Flipotte. She is still a little shy.

Flipotte.— Good evening, sir!

Albin.— Good evening, ladies.

Michette.— The boy is so nice. (*Sits down on* ALBIN'S *lap.*)

Albin.— Now, François, please explain; are these decent women?

Michette.— What is he saying?

François.— No, it is not that way, the ladies who come here — Lord, how stupid you are, Albin!

Landlord.— What may I bring for the duchesses?

Michette.— Get me a very sweet wine.

Scaevola.— Now (*gets up to the table of the young men*). At last I have you again! (*To* ALBIN.) You mean fellow, will you — She is mine!

(LANDLORD *looks at them.*)

François.— Joke, joke ——

Albin.— She is not his?

Michette.— Why, let me sit where I want to!

(SCAEVOLA *looks at them, his fist bent.*)

Landlord (*behind him*).— Well, now!

Scaevola.— Ho, ho!

Landlord (*taking him by the neck*).—Ho, ha! (*Low to* SCAEVOLA.) That's all you know. You have not a cent's worth of talent. Roaring! That's all you can do.

Michette (*to* FRANÇOIS).— He did it better the other day ——

Scaevola (*to the* LANDLORD).— I am not yet in the mood. I'll do it again when more people are here; you will see, Prospere; I need an audience.

(*Enter* DUKE OF CADIGNAN.)

Duke.— Why, there's a great crowd here already.

(MICHETTE *and* FLIPOTTE *run to him.*)

Michette.— My sweet duke!

François.— Good evening, Emile (*introducing*). My friend, Albin Chevalier de la Tremouille, the Duke of Cadignan.

Duke.— I am very glad to meet you. (*To the girls hanging on him*) Please let me alone, children! (*To* ALBIN.) You also visit this comical inn?

Albin.— It puzzles me immensely.

François.— The chevalier came to Paris just a few days ago.

Duke.— Then you have chosen a very appropriate time indeed.

Albin.— How so?

Michette.— What a sweet perfume he has to-day! No man in Paris smells as nice as he does.

Duke.— She only speaks of the seven or eight hundred that she knows as well as me.

Flipotte.— May I play with your sword, please? (*Draws the sword out of its sheath and lets it glitter.*)

Grain (*to the* LANDLORD).— With that man — with that man I saw her! (LANDLORD *listens to* GRAIN *and seems to be surprised.*)

Duke.— Isn't Henri here yet? (*To* ALBIN.) When you hear him, you won't be sorry that you came here.

Landlord (*to the duke*).— Well, are you also here again? I am glad to see you. We won't have the pleasure long, anyhow.

Duke.— Why not? I like your place very well.

Landlord.— I believe you. But as you, at all events, will be one of the first ——

Albin.— What does he say?

Landlord.— You know what I mean. The happiest will have the first turn —— (*goes to the background*).

Duke (*after meditating*).— If I should be king I would make him my fool, or rather, I would keep a good many fools, but he would be one of them.

Albin.— What did he mean by saying that you are too happy?

Duke.— He meant, chevalier ——

Albin.— Don't call me chevalier, please. They all call me Albin, simply Albin, because I look so young.

Duke (*smiling*).— Very well. But then you must say Emile to me, will you?

Albin.— I shall be glad if you permit it, Emile.

Duke.— They are becoming dismally witty, these people.

François.— Why dismally? That calms me much. As long as the mob feels like joking nothing will happen.

Duke.— But their jokes are rather peculiar. Now, again to-day, I heard a story that left me thinking.

François.— What was it?

Michette and Flipotte.— Yes, let's hear the story, sweet duke.

Duke.— You know Lelange.

François.— Certainly — that village — the Marquis of Montferrat has one of his finest hunting-grounds there.

Duke.— Quite correct. My brother is now with him at the castle, and he just wrote to me about the affair, which I am going to tell you. In Lelange they have a mayor who is very unpopular.

François.— If you could name one who is popular ——

Duke.— Now, listen. The women of the village proceeded to the house of the mayor — with a coffin ——

Flipotte.— How? They carried a coffin? I wouldn't carry a coffin for anything in the world.

François.— Now keep quiet. Nobody wants you to carry a coffin. (*To the* Duke.) Well?

Duke.— And then a few of the women went into the house of the mayor. They tell him that he is to die — but they will do him the honor to bury him.

François.— And did they kill him?

Duke.— No. At least my brother doesn't write anything about that.

François.— Well! Bluffs, fakers, and humbugs, that's what they are. To-day for a change they roar at the Bastille in Paris, just as they have done half a dozen times before.

Duke.— Now, if I were king, I should have put an end to it long ago.

Albin.— Is it true that the king is so kind?

Duke.— Haven't you been introduced to His Majesty?

François.— The chevalier is in Paris for the first time.

Duke.— Yes, you are incredibly young. How old, if I may ask?

Albin.— I only look young, I am already seventeen.

Duke.— Seventeen. How much is still before you. I am already twenty-four. I begin to feel sorry for the much I have missed in my youth.

François (*laughing*).— That isn't bad. You, duke — for you every day is lost on which you did not conquer a woman or kill a man.

Duke.— The trouble is that one never conquers the right, and always kills the wrong one. And so the youth is wasted, anyhow. It is just as Rollin says.

François.— What does Rollin say?

Duke.— Oh, I just thought of one of his plays that they are now performing at the Comédie — he has such a nice comparison in it, don't you remember?

François.— I have no memory at all for verses ——

Duke.— Neither have I, sorry to say — I remember only the meaning of it. He says that youth that one doesn't enjoy is like a feather ball, allowed to lie in the sand instead of being thrown up in the air.

Albin.— I think that's very good.

Duke.— Isn't it? Its feathers gradually fade, anyhow, and fall out. It is even better if it falls into a thicket where it's never found again.

Albin.— How is that to be understood, Emile?

Duke.— You've got to feel it, rather. If I knew the verses you would understand it at once.

Albin.— It seems to me, Emile, that you could make verses, if you wished to.

Duke.— Why?

Albin.— Ever since you have been here it has seemed to me as if the flames of life would flare up.

Duke (*smiling*).— Indeed? Are they flaring up?

François.— Don't you want to sit down with us?

(*Meanwhile two noblemen have entered, and are sitting down at a table further off. The* LANDLORD *seems to talk to them in a rude way.*)

Duke.— I can't stay, but I certainly will be back.

Michette.— Stay with me!

Flipotte.— Take me along! (*They try to keep him back.*)

Landlord (*in front*).— Let him go. You are far from being bad enough for him. He must run to some woman of the street, that's what he likes best.

Duke.— I certainly will be back. I surely don't want to miss Henri.

François.— Imagine! Henri just left with Leocadie when we came.

Duke.— Is that so? He has married her, do you know that?

François.— Really? What will the others say?

Albin.— What others?

François.— You must know she is very popular.

Duke.— And he wants to take her away. I don't know — I've heard it.

Landlord.— You have heard it? (*Looks at the duke.*)

Duke (*looks at the* LANDLORD).— It's ridiculous. Leocadie could be the greatest and finest courtesan in the world.

François.— Everybody knows that.

Duke.— Is there anything more foolish than to take somebody away

from one's true calling? Ah, François is laughing. I am not joking. One must also be born a courtesan, just like a conqueror or a poet.

François.— You are a paradox.

Duke.— I am sorry for her — and for Henri. He should stay here — not here. I'd like to get him into the Comédie — though even there — it seems to me always, that nobody understands him as perfectly as I do. I might be mistaken, however, because I have the same feeling towards most artists. But I must say if I could not be the Duke of Cadignan, I should want to be such a comedian, such a ——

Albin.— Like Alexander the Great ——

Duke (*smiling*).— Yes, like Alexander the Great. (*To* FLIPOTTE.) Give me my sword. (*Puts it into the sheath, slowly.*) Why, it is the most beautiful thing to make fun of the world; one who can appear to us as he likes is certainly more than we are. (ALBIN *looks at him astonished.*)

Duke.— Don't think about what I say. It is only true in the same moment when I see you again.

Flipotte.— Kiss me before you go!

Michette.— Me, too! (*They hang on him, the* DUKE *kisses both at the same time. They talk as he goes out.*)

Albin.— A wonderful man!

François.— It is true — but the fact that there are such men is almost a reason for not marrying.

Albin.— What kind of women are these, anyway?

François.— Actresses. They also belong to the company of Prospere, the present landlord. Though they did about the same things before, which they are doing now.

Guillaume (*rushing in, as if out of breath, to the table where the actors are sitting, his hands pressed to his heart, hardly supporting himself*).— Saved, yes, saved!

Scaevola.— What is it?

Albin.— What has happened to that man?

François.— That's play. Now listen.

Albin.— Ah?

Michette and Flipotte (*to* GUILLAUME).—What is it? What's the matter?

Scaevola.— Sit down, take a drink.

Guillaume.— More, more — Prospere, more wine. I've been running! They were at my heels!

Jules (*startled*).— Be careful, they are at our heels all the time.

Landlord.— Well, let's hear now what happened to you? (*To the actors.*) Life, more life!

Guillaume.— Women, I need women. Ah (*embraces* FLIPOTTE). That brings me back to life. (*To* ALBIN, *who is extremely embarrassed.*) Deuce, I did not imagine that I would see you alive, my boy — (*as if listening.*) They're coming, they're coming (*to the door*), no, it's nothing. They ——

Albin.— How peculiar! There is really a noise as if people were chasing each other by in the street. Is that also arranged from here?

Scaevola (*to* JULES).— Oh, always the same tricks! It's silly!

Landlord.— Now, let's hear at last why they are following you.

Guillaume.— Nothing special, but if they should get me I should have to pay with my head. I set a house on fire.

(*During this scene some more noblemen are entering and taking place at the tables.*)

Landlord (*low*).— Go on, go on!

Guillaume (*in the same way*).— Go on! Isn't it sufficient that I have set a house on fire?

François.—Now tell me, my dear friend, why did you set the house on fire?

Guillaume.— Because the president of the supreme court is living there, we wanted to start with him. We want to cool the desire of the good Parisian landlords to rent their houses to people who send us poor fellows to the house of correction.

Grain.— Well spoken!

Guillaume (*looks at* GRAIN *and is surprised, then continues*).— We'll do it to all the houses. Three more fellows of my kind, and we won't have any more judges in Paris.

Grain.— Death to all the judges!

Jules.— Yes — but perhaps there might be one whom we cannot annihilate.

Guillaume.— I'd like to know him.

Jules.— The judge in ourselves.

Landlord (*low*).— That's preposterous. Stop that, Scaevola, now start your roaring! This is the moment.

Scaevola.— Give us wine, Prospere, we want to drink to the death of the judges in France!

(*During his last words have entered the* MARQUIS OF LANSAC, *his wife,* SÉVERINE, ROLLIN, *the poet.*)

Scaevola.— Death to all who now hold the power in their hands! Death!

Marquis.— You see, Séverine, that's the reception they give us!

Rollin.— Marquise, I warned you!

Séverine.— Why?

François.— Oh, the marquise. Allow me to kiss your hand. Good evening, marquis! Hello, Rollin! Marquise, you dare to come to this place!

Séverine.— I have been told so much about it. And besides we have already been so mixed up with adventures to-day, haven't we, Rollin?

Marquis.— Yes, just think, vicomte. Where do you suppose we come from? From the Bastille.

François.— Are they still making such a noise there?

Séverine.— Yes, indeed! It looks as if they intended to storm it. We made our carriage stop near by. It is a superb sight; you see there is always something grand about a mob.

François.— Oh, yes, if they smelled better.

Marquis.— My wife teased me and I had to take her along.

Séverine.— Well, what is so peculiar about this place?

Landlord (*to the marquis*).— Are you here again, old rascal? And did you bring your wife along because you are afraid to leave her in your unfaithful home?

Marquis (*forcibly laughing*).— He is an original!

Landlord.— Now take care that she is not taken away from you right here, such noble ladies sometimes feel very much like trying a real tramp.

Rollin.— I am suffering immensely.

Marquis.— Now, dear, I told you! — we might leave.

Séverine.— Now, what do you want? I think it is charming. Let us sit down.

François.— Allow me, marquise, to introduce to you Chevalier de la Tremouille. He is here for the first time. Marquis de Lansac, Rollin, our famous poet.

Albin.—Very glad. My compliments. (*They sit down*).

Albin (*to* FRANÇOIS).— Is that one of those who play or — I am all mixed up.

François.— Don't be so thickheaded! That is the real wife of Marquis de Lansac — a most honorable lady.

Rollin (*to* SÉVERINE).— Tell me that you love me.

Séverine.— Yes, but don't ask me every moment.

Marquis.— Have we missed part of the play?

François.— Not very much. That one there is playing an incendiary, it seems to me.

Séverine.— Chevalier, are you a cousin of the little Lydia de la Tremouille who was married to-day?

Albin.— Yes, marquise, that was one of the reasons why I came to Paris.

Séverine.— I remember to have seen you in the church.

Albin (*embarrassed*).— I feel greatly honored, marquise.

Séverine (*to* ROLLIN).— What a nice little boy!

Rollin.— Ah, Séverine, you never met a man whom you didn't like!

Séverine.— Oh, I did; and I married him at once.

Rollin.— Oh, Séverine, I always fear that there are moments when even your own husband is dangerous to you.

Landlord (*brings wine*).— There you are. I wish it were poison, but it is not allowed us to give that to you yet.

François.— That time will come, Prospere.

Séverine (*to* ROLLIN).— What is the matter with those two pretty girls? Why don't they come nearer? Now, while I am here, I'd like to see everything. I think on the whole that they are behaving very decently in this place.

Marquis.— Just wait, Séverine.

Séverine.— I think in these days the best entertainment is found in the street. Do you know what happened to us yesterday when we were riding on the Promenade de Longchamps?

Marquis.— But, dear Séverine, why ——

Séverine.— A fellow jumped on the step of our carriage and called: "Next year you will stand behind your coachman, and we will sit in the carriage!"

François.— Why, that's a little too much!

Marquis.— What's the use of talking always about these things? Paris now has a little fever, but that will pass.

Guillaume (*suddenly*).— I see flames wherever I look, high red flames.

Landlord (*going to him*).— You're playing the fool, not a criminal.

Séverine.— He sees flames?

François.— That isn't the real thing, yet.

Albin (*to* ROLLIN).— Why, I can't tell how much perplexed I am by all that's going on here.

Michette (*comes to the marquis*).—Oh, I haven't welcomed you yet, you sweet old pig.

Marquis (*embarrassed*).— She is joking, dear Séverine.

Séverine.— I don't think so. Tell me, my girl, how many lovers have you had already?

Marquis (*to* FRANÇOIS).— I am surprised how quickly the marquise, my wife, feels at home in every situation.

Rollin.— Yes, it is surprising.

Michette.— Have you counted yours?

Séverine.— When I was as young as you are, I did indeed.

Albin (*to* ROLLIN).— Tell me, Monsieur Rollin, is the marquise playing, or is she really that way — I am absolutely at a loss.

Rollin.— To be—to play. Do you know the exact difference, chevalier?

Albin.— I think I do.

Rollin.— I don't. And what I find so peculiar here is that all the apparent differences are disappearing, so to speak. Reality turns into play — play into reality. Look at the marquise, for instance. How she is chattering with these creatures as if they were her equals. But she is ——

Albin.— Entirely different.

Rollin.— I thank you, chevalier.

Landlord (*to* GRAIN).— Well, how was that?

Grain.— What?

Landlord.—The story of that aunt for which you were in jail for two years.

Grain.— Why, I've told you, I throttled her.

François.— He is a poor actor. That's an amateur. I never saw him before.

(*The* COMMISSIONER *comes disguised.* HENRI *has been here for some time, gets up suddenly.*)

Rollin.— Henri, there's Henri.

Séverine.— Is that the one whom you told me so much about?

Marquis.— Surely, it's just to see him that we come here.

(HENRI *comes to the front, in the manner of a comedian; silent.*)

The actors.— Henri, what is it?

Rollin.— Look at his eyes. A world full of passion. You must know he plays the criminal from passion.

Séverine.— I like that very much.

Albin.— Why doesn't he speak?

Rollin.— He is absent minded. Just look at him and watch him — he has committed a terrible act.

François.— He is a little theatrical, as if he were preparing himself for a monologue.

Landlord.— Henri, Henri, where do you come from?

Henri.— I have killed a man.

Scaevola.— Whom?

Henri.— The lover of my wife.

(LANDLORD *looks at him: at this moment he apparently believes that it might be true.*)

Henri (*looks up*).—Why, yes, I did it, why do you look at me that way? It is so. Is it so astonishing? You all know what a creature my wife is; it had to end that way.

Landlord.— And she, where is she?

François.— You see he is playing together with the landlord. That's what makes it so natural. (*Noise outside, not too loud.*)

Jules.— What is that noise out there?

Marquis.— Do you hear, Séverine?

Rollin.— It sounds like the passing of troops.

François.— Oh, no, it is our dear people of Paris, just listen how they roar. Go on, Henri, go on! (*Tumult in the cellar; it gets quiet outside.*)

Landlord.— Well, tell us, Henri, where is your wife? Where did you leave her?

Henri.— Oh, what do I care for her? She will not die of that. Whether this one or that one, it's all the same to the women. Another thousand handsome men are running around in Paris,— whether this one or that one ——

Grain.— May that be the end of all who steal our wives!

Scaevola.— Of all who take what belongs to us!

Commissioner.— These speeches are revolutionary!

Albin.— It is terrible — these people are in earnest about it.

Scaevola.—Down with the usurers of France! I bet that this fellow he caught with his wife was one of those wicked dogs which also steal our bread.

Albin.— I propose that we go.

Séverine.— Henri! Henri!

Marquis.— But, marquise.

Séverine.— Please, dear marquise, ask that man how he caught his wife — or I'll ask him myself.

Marquis (*restraining her*).— Tell me, Henri, how did you happen to catch those two?

Henri (*who has been thinking for a long time*).— Do you know my wife? She is the most beautiful and lowest creature under the sun — and I loved her. For seven years we knew each other — but she has been my wife only since yesterday. But there was no day in those seven years, not one day that she did not belie me, for everything about her is lying. Her eyes and her lips, her kisses and her smile.

François.— He is reciting a little.

Henri.— Everybody, young and old, who ever attracted her — and who ever paid her, I think who ever wanted her, has had her—and I knew it!

Séverine.— Not everybody can say that.

Henri.— And at the same time she loved me. My friends, can any one of you understand that? Always again, she returned to me — from every-

where to me again — from the beautiful and from the ugly; from the clever and from the stupid — the loafers and the noblemen — always to me again.

Séverine (*to* ROLLIN).— If you could only feel that this returning is the essence of love!

Henri.— What have I been suffering — tortures, tortures!

Rollin.— It's terrible!

Henri.— And yesterday I married her. We had a dream. No — I had a dream. I wanted to go away with her, far away. Into solitude, to the country, into great peace. We wanted to live like other happy married couples — we also dreamt of a child.

Rollin (*low*).— Séverine!

Séverine.— Why yes, it's all right.

Albin.— François, this man speaks the truth.

François.— Surely, the love story is true, but the main point is the story of the murder.

The actors.— Who? Who? How did it happen? Where is he? Are you being pursued? How did it happen? Where is she?

Henri (*always getting more excited*).— I escorted her — to the theater — to-day — it would be for the last time — I kissed her — at the door, and then she went up into her dressing-room, and I went away like one who had no fear for anything. But after a few hundred steps it began — in me — you understand me — an enormous uneasiness, it was as if something were forcing me to go back, and I turned and went back. But then I was ashamed and went away again — and again, a hundred steps from the theater — it seized me, and I went back again. She was through with her part — she had not much to do, she had to stand just a little while on the stage, half naked, and then it was finished. I am standing in front of her dressing-room, I put my ear against the door, and I hear whispering. I can't understand a word — the whispering stops — I push the door open — (*he roars like a beast*) it was the Duke of Cadignan, and I have killed him!

Landlord (*who at last takes it for truth*).— Madman!

(HENRI *looks up, stares at the* LANDLORD.)

Séverine.— Bravo, bravo!

Rollin.— What are you doing, marquise? The moment you call bravo! you make everything a theater again, and the agreeable shuddering is over.

Marquis.— I don't find the shuddering so agreeable. Let us applaud, my friends, only this way can we free ourselves of this spell.

(*Low bravos which grow louder and louder, all applauding.*)

Landlord (*to* HENRI, *during the noise*).— Save yourself, fly, Henri!

Henri.— What do you say?

Landlord.— Make an end and go away as fast as you can!

François.— Silence! Let's hear what the landlord says.

Landlord.— I'm telling him that he should fly before the posts at the town gate are notified. The fine duke was the king's favorite — they will riddle you. You had better killed your wife!

François.— What a beautiful play! Wonderful!

Henri.— Prospere, which of us is insane, you or I? (*Tries to read in* PROSPERE'S *eyes.*)

Rollin.— It is marvellous how we all know that he is playing, and still if the Duke of Cadignan should now enter we would believe him to be a ghost.

(*Noise outside, always getting louder. People enter, clamor is heard outside. They are led by* GRASSET, *others,* LEBRET *among them, behind him, coming down the stairs. Cries are heard: Liberty! Liberty!*)

Grasset.— Here we are, children, come in!

Albin.— What is that, does that belong to the play?

François.— No.

Marquis.— What does that mean?

Séverine.— What kind of people are these?

Grasset.— Come in here! I tell you my friend Prospere always has a cask of wine left, and we've deserved it.

(*Noise from the street.*) — Friend, brother, we have it!

Cries (*outside*).— Liberty, liberty!

Séverine.— What is the matter?

Marquis.— Let's go, let's go! The mob is coming!

Rollin.— How are you going to get out?

Grasset.— The Bastille is in our hands!

Landlord.— What do you say? Is it true?

Grasset.— Don't you hear?

Albin (*is about to draw his sword*).

François.— Don't do that now or we are all lost.

Grasset (*coming down the stairs*).— If you will hurry you might see something jolly outside: upon a very high stick the head of our dear Delaunay.

Marquis.— Is that man crazy?

Cries.— Liberty, liberty!

Grasset.— We have beheaded a dozen; the Bastille is ours; the prisoners are freed, Paris belongs to the people.

Landlord.— Hear, hear! Paris is ours!

Grasset.— Just look, how his courage is increasing. Now you can shout, Prospere, nothing will happen to you any more.

Landlord (*to the noblemen*).— What do you say now, you loafers? The joke is finished.

Albin.— Didn't I tell you?

Landlord.— The people of Paris are victorious!

Commissioner.— Silence! (*They laugh.*) Silence! I prohibit the continuation of the performance.

Grasset.— Who is that fellow?

Commissioner.— Prospere, I make you responsible for all the provoking speeches ——

Grasset.— Is that fellow crazy?

Landlord.— The joke is finished now, can't you understand it? Henri, now you may tell it frankly: we protect you — the people of Paris will protect you.

Grasset.— Yes, the people of Paris.

(HENRI *stands with fixed eyes.*)

Landlord.— Henri has really killed the Duke of Cadignan.

Albin, François, and Marquis.— What does he say?

Albin and others.— What does all that mean, Henri?

François.— Say something, Henri!

Landlord.— He caught him with his wife — and killed him.

Henri.— It isn't true!

Landlord.— Now you don't have to be afraid any more. You can proclaim it to all the world. I could have told you an hour ago that the duke is her lover. I was pretty near telling you. You crying pumice, isn't it true that we knew it?

Henri.— Who saw her? Where was she seen?

Landlord.— What do you care now? Why, he is crazy. You have killed him, you can't do anything more.

François.— For heaven's sake, is it really true or not?

Landlord.— Yes, it is true.

Grasset.— Henri, you shall be my friend from now on. Long live liberty, long live freedom!

François.— Henri, now say something.

Henri.— Was she the sweetheart of the duke? I did not know it — he is alive, he is alive. (*Immense emotion.*)

Séverine (*to the others*).— Now where is the truth?

(*The* DUKE *comes through the crowd on the stair.*)

Séverine (*noticing him first*).— The duke!

Some.— The duke!

Duke.— Well, now, what's the matter?

Landlord.— Is it a ghost?

Duke.— Not that I know of. Let me get through.

Rollin.— I bet everything was prearranged. The whole mob belongs to Prospere's company. Well done, Prospere!

Duke.— What's the matter? You still play in here while outside — Don't you know what's going on in the street? I have seen them pass, carrying Delaunay's head upon a stick. Why are you looking at me so? (*Coming down*) Henri ——

François.— Beware of Henri!

(Henri *rushes like a madman to the* Duke *and pushes his dagger into* Cadignan's *neck.*)

Commissioner (*rising*).— That's too much!

Albin.— He is bleeding!

Rollin.— A murder was committed!

Séverine.— The duke is dying.

Marquis.— I am in despair, dear Séverine, that I invited you to this place just to-day.

Séverine.— Why, it is wonderful. One can't see every day how a real duke is really murdered.

Rollin.— I can't comprehend it.

Commissioner.— Silence! Nobody will leave this place!

Grasset.— What does he want?

Commissioner.— I arrest this man in the name of the law!

Grasset.— The laws are made by us, you fools. Get out, you loafers! Whoever kills a duke is a friend of the people. Long live liberty!

Albin (*draws his sword*).— Get out of my way! Follow me, my friends.

Leocadie.— Let me in, I want to get to my husband. (*Comes to the front, sees, screams.*) Who did that? Henri! (Henri *looks at her.*) Why did you do that?

Henri.— Why?

Leocadie.— Yes, yes, I know why. On my account; no, no, don't say on my account. I was not worth that much all my life.

Grasset (*starting a speech*).— Citizens of Paris, we want to celebrate our victory. On our way through the streets of Paris we came by accident to this kind landlord. It could not have been arranged any better. The cry: "Long live liberty!" will nowhere sound finer than over the body of a duke.

Cries.— Long live liberty, long live liberty!

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S DRAMAS

From "The Sunken Bell to Pippa"

By Paul H. Grummann

AFTER a series of masterly naturalistic dramas, after an unsuccessful attempt, as it seemed, to employ the naturalistic technique to historical material, Hauptmann had produced his supposed masterpiece, 'The Sunken Bell.' Here was a play that treated naturalistically the very ideals of a man, and an artist at that. The fact that the drama appeared in verse and employed an intricate mythological apparatus, led the casual observers to proclaim that Hauptmann had turned his back upon naturalism in order to return to the camp of the idealists. The startling problems which this play offered to the interpreters also led to the assertion that the poet had turned into a mystic, but to speak with Lowell, his poetry was 'mystic because too cheaply understood.' We have become so accustomed to flimsy poetry in these days of art for art's sake, that it is almost impossible for our critics to take a modern work of art seriously, to study it again and again, until the poet's intention is ascertained.

Hauptmann was sorely vexed by the conflicting nonsense which the 'Sunken Bell' had evoked. Like Goethe he kept silent, restricting his efforts to a careful supervision of the presentation of his play. The jubilant outcry of the critics that he had been reclaimed by idealism, however, had no effect upon his literary development. Like Goethe he preferred to 'follow his own light,' since it is every man's highest duty to shape his destiny in his own way.

In the play which followed 'The Sunken Bell,' the critics saw and proclaimed a relapse into naturalism. But the poet was simply making normal growth, broadening the scope of naturalism at each step,— a broadening that almost all of his critics failed to understand.

Hauptmann's naturalism from the very beginning showed a deep-seated distrust of the materialism of the realists. His interest lay not in the physical fortunes of men, but in their psychological experiences. The modern world has thrown aside the old instruments of torture; it has eliminated many of the uncertainties of life that were reflected in our former tragedies; war itself, that fruitful background for dramas, is threatened. Modern man does not stand in awe of physical pain and material loss —hence

such things cannot elicit a profound dramatic interest. But the vital conflicts are psychic ones,— the clash of old and new beliefs,—the moral conflicts of the modern man who wishes to maintain his self-respect, these are vital because they touch our inner life directly. Accordingly Hauptman sets himself the task of placing men's emotions before us, with just enough of their experiences to reveal them clearly.

The only essential difference between ' The Sunken Bell ' and ' Teamster Henschel,' is that in the former play the principal character is a bell-founder, who thinks in mythological and poetical terms, while in the latter we have a teamster whose life falls along prosaic lines. The aim of both plays is to reveal the psychic conflicts of the characters. This may be shown by an outline of the play.

Railroads have been introduced into Silesia, and the life of the district has been revolutionized. In one of the Silesian towns a man had maintained a flourishing hotel, the summer resort of Polish noblemen. But the railroad makes it possible for these noblemen to go to the seacoast now, and the town has lost its affluence. The hotel keeper is on the verge of ruin, and the honest master teamster sees his once flourishing business dwindle in an alarming manner. It is the tragedy of this man that concerns us. In addition to the reverses already outlined other losses come to him. Disease breaks out among his stock, and worse than all else, his devoted wife becomes ill. This necessitates a new female servant, of whom Mrs. Henschel becomes jealous. Her jealousy is entirely unfounded, and is caused by a misinterpretation of Henschel's moroseness, the real cause of which Henschel withholds from his wife for fear of worrying her. So pronounced does Mrs. Henschel's jealousy become that she exacts a promise from Henschel not to marry the servant in case of her death.

After Mrs. Henschel's death the unexpected happens. Partly through the strong suggestion thrown out by his promise to his wife, more definitely his love for his child, and the fear of losing his efficient servant, who knowing his dilemma threatens to leave him, Henschel upon the advice of his best friends marries her. She is utterly corrupt,— this second Mrs. Henschel. Under her care Henschel's child dies. She indulges in all kinds of questionable things; so great, however, is the mastery of this woman over her husband that he is blind to her shortcomings. Not until she refuses to harbor her own child, which Henschel brings to his home, does the husband begin to suspect her. Instead of remaining at home he goes to the village inn, where step by step it is revealed to him, not only that his wife is bad, but that the villagers accuse her of killing his first wife and his child, and that he is suspected of being an accomplice. This scene clearly demonstrates

Hauptmann's method. It is the climax of the play — yet there is almost no action in the old sense. The climax consists of a series of glimpses which Henschel gets of the impressions which his fellowmen have formed of him, and the tragedy of the man is, that shifting social conditions have brought it about that quite unconsciously he has become a knave in the eyes of the public.

The treatment of the pledge is also characteristic, and is understood most fully when we compare this drama with a type common among the ancient Greeks. As we know, the Greek dramatist frequently showed his characters under the influence of fate. No matter how great the efforts of Œdipus might be to escape the doom that awaited him, he nevertheless by these very efforts fulfilled its decrees. But modern man does not believe in fate. In its place we frequently find a superstitious fear of it. Teamster Henschel does not believe in the supernatural force of his promise to his wife; the most enlightened man in the drama brushes aside this incident as of no consequence, but it later assumes the power of a grim reality to the teamster. Henschel is dramatic, then, in the same sense that Œdipus is, for both characters represent men in their struggle against forces beyond their control. In the Greek drama these greater forces are conceived as present in the universe and controlling it; in Hauptmann's play the limitations are in the man himself,— in other words, they are not external.

His deep interest in psychology, Hauptmann had demonstrated in 'Hannele' and 'The Sunken Bell.' In these dramas he had given a profound poetical analysis of dream experience. In both dramas he showed an intense interest in the fact that no definite line divides conscious from subconscious mental activity. No one can indicate the precise moment when Hannele lapses into her vision; and so ingeniously has this feature been handled in 'The Sunken Bell,' that the dream character of the play has been almost universally overlooked.

With this keen interest in the subject it was but natural that Hauptmann should be attracted to Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' for it contained a similar problem. Christopher Sly is unable to distinguish between real and imaginary experiences: this was, no doubt, the first interest that Hauptmann found in the play.

More and more Hauptmann had been influenced by Goethe, and the wonderful work of remotivation accomplished by Goethe in 'Iphigénie' and 'Faust,' must have tempted Hauptmann to reconstruct Shakespeare's play. He did this before Tolstoi had raised his voice against our Shakespeare idolatry. It is unnecessary to say that I do not follow Tolstoi in all that he has to say on Shakespeare, but the criticism that has appeared on

Hauptmann's ' Schluck und Jau ' convinces me that Tolstoi utters a great truth when he states that we are possessed of an unreasoning craze in this instance. Extreme critics looked upon Hauptmann's remotivation of ' The Taming of the Shrew ' as sacrilege; others contented themselves with calling the play a servile imitation. Both types were under the ban of an unpardonable bias.

Two things in Shakespeare's drama impressed Hauptmann as objectionable, and these are so reasonable as to be beyond debate. The taming of Katherine is a brutal affair, to say the least. Instead of presenting a blustering dandy brandishing his whip, Hauptmann presents to us a man who is able to convert his sweetheart by giving her an ampler conception of life.

The prelude of Shakespeare's play seemed to be bound to the principal portion by slender threads. Instead of accidental association Hauptmann demanded organic unity. All of this can be shown readily by recalling the plot of the newer play.

John Rand is in love with Sidselill, who stubbornly refuses to reciprocate his affection. On his way home from a hunt he comes upon two intoxicated men, Schluck and Jau. These are taken to the castle. One of them is placed in John's bed chamber, and upon awakening is reverenced as a prince. In the course of his illusion Hauptmann has presented him swaggering dangerously near the line of real consciousness. This episode, however, is now vitally connected with the main play in that John Rand sees to it that the deeper significance of the Schluck farce is impressed upon Sidselill. She realizes the difference between fixed notions and well-founded opinions. If a play so totally different from its source is an imitation, what is to be said of Shakespeare's use of his sources.

In this connection I should like to make a plea in favor of the use of old subjects presented under new aspects. A story that has been widely read is in the consciousness of the public. This was one of the advantages of the Greek dramatist who drew for his subject upon a material with which the Greeks were conversant. This throws the method, the artistic solution, in bold relief, and permits us to understand more readily the intentions of the artist. It is not an accident that Shakespeare, Goethe, Wagner, and Hauptmann availed themselves of so palpable an advantage.

Hauptmann's studies of certain aspects of life have more than a passing interest for him. Earlier in his career he had sketched the life of the degenerate artist Crampton. With deeper insight he now approaches the problem of the artist from an entirely different point of view, and presents ' Michael Kramer ' to us.

Michael Kramer is the tragedy of the artist who strives with all his powers to produce an abiding masterpiece in this instance, a Christ picture. He has all of the necessary seriousness and devotion, but realizes that he lacks the essential spark of genius.

True to the principles so beautifully expressed in Goethe's 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' he transfers his towering ambition to his children, Michaline and Arnold. Michaline is obedient, and works in the studio according to the directions of her father, and attains a rather commonplace respectability in her art work. In Arnold the father recognizes the divine spark, but the son is utterly intractable. Here lies the interesting pedagogical problem of the play. Arnold is slightly deformed, and hence, hypersensitive, a fact which immediately raises a barrier between father and son. The mother, who is utterly unable to understand the son, pampers and spoils him, and when she is unable to control him, she threatens him and sends him to his father for punishment. The father, moreover, has his own views about art. His idea is that an artist must be developed in the studio by rigid work. Arnold derives his art immediately from life. He goes to the tavern where he sketches the types that present themselves. His artistic activity at the tavern, however, remains a secret to both father and mother, for he is certain of their disapproval. More and more Arnold lives a life of spiritual isolation, misunderstood and misinterpreted by all of his fellows. The menial types of the tavern squirm under the close scrutiny to which this man subjects them. The innkeeper objects to him because he consumes so little. They try to rid themselves of him by taunting him, and when their taunts touch upon his physical defects he draws a revolver. Although he does not make use of the weapon, he realizes that the law forbids the carrying of weapons. Convinced that nothing but discord and misinterpretation await him at home, he rushes out and leaps into the river.

Here, we are told, the drama ends, for the fourth act, as a well-known critic states, is nothing but a gloomy concoction of phrases on the part of the father. Let us remember, however, that this is not the tragedy of Arnold, but of Michael Kramer. Again there is no action of the old kind in this last act, but step by step the father gains a real insight into the spirit of the dead boy. Step by step we follow the growing gloom of this man who is burying his ambition to produce a great artist since he cannot be one himself, — and what intensifies his dejection is that he has been the chief obstacle in the boy's way.

The 'Red Cock' is a continuation of Hauptmann's earlier comedy, 'The Beaver Coat.' The reader of Hauptmann's dramas will remember Frau Wolff, who was impelled to get on in the world, and engaged in all kinds

of doubtful ventures in order to increase her revenues from legitimate toil. Her imperturbable naïveness inspired such implicit confidence, that the thick-headed, good-natured government official, Wehrhaln, with a glowing eulogy, acquitted her of the crime which she had so cunningly committed.

In the ' Red Cock ' the author again devotes himself to these characters. Frau Wolff has in the mean time become a widow, and her success in small ventures has made her bolder and more unscrupulous. She marries Fielitz, a shoemaker, who has been a government spy, and possesses the shoemaker's traditional proclivity for petty inquisitiveness and meddling. Frau Wolff chooses him because he is the owner of a property in a good locality, although the house is anything but desirable. She herself has saved some money, and by this marriage Fielitz hopes to realize his plan of building a store and dealing in factory-made goods. For years he has also set his heart on a clock, a regulator, as he calls it, which is to adorn his store, and he has been tireless in talking over his plans with his friends. The oldest daughter of Frau Wolff-Fielitz, after a questionable life,—the result of home atmosphere,—has married an architect, who does not shrink from incendiarism in order to further his business. This daring man appeals to Frau Fielitz more than her timid husband, and she aids him financially instead of coming to the assistance of her spouse. In the town a number of houses are being built from ill-gotten fire insurance; and it is by no means a secret to them and their friends. Encouraged by the success of her neighbors, Frau Fielitz resolves to burn down the house, and tries to induce Fielitz to this course, holding out to him the realization of his coveted plan. Fielitz does not wish to share the responsibility, yet enters into the details of the work with real zest. A box of shavings with a lighted candle in the center is placed in the garret, and Fielitz and his wife go to Berlin to buy the regulator for which he has yearned so long. Frau Wolff–Fielitz's second daughter carries on flirtations while she is gone. The village policeman, Schultz, has enjoyed her favor; but to-day she favors Langheinrich, the smith, who must be reconciled fully because he is the captain of the local fire department. Rauchhaupt, a retired policeman, a boon companion of the Fielitzes, has a large family and one idiotic child. He mistreats this child brutally because it annoys him with all kinds of tricks, and he has often expressed his displeasure with the authorities who refuse to confine it in a home for the feebleminded. Since Frau Fielitz knows that this child has a peculiar fascination for matches, she sends for it on some pretext, before going to Berlin, and gives it a box of matches. When the house is in full blaze it is seen playing with them. This leads to an investigation by the same police official, who in the earlier drama had acquitted Frau Wolff,

and who has since grown more and more convinced of her sterling character. He has become more self-centered and unreasonable, and conducts the investigation with a view to establishing his own theory. The idiotic child is arrested, and the old official most brutally rebukes it, suggesting the punishment which he would administer if he were its father. During this scene Fielitz and his wife, who have returned, enter the room. The police official, in spite of heroic efforts, is practically unable to console Mrs. Fielitz, so terrible is her sorrow over the loss of her property; while Fielitz, who is perplexed and not quite equal to the situation, is absorbed in contemplating his regulator.

Rauchhaupt, the father of the unfortunate child, is summoned, and appears just as the officers are about to take it away. When he realizes the turn which events have taken his parental instincts assert themselves, and he tries to interfere with the officers. When this proves of no avail, he, the former boon companion of the Fielitzes, turns upon his former friends and makes insinuations that even awaken the suspicions of Wehrhaln. From this time on Rauchhaupt leaves no stone unturned in order to bring about the conviction of Frau Fielitz; but three official investigations fail to establish her guilt.

The insurance money has been paid, and Frau Fielitz's son in law, the architect, is building a massive structure on the lot. One day, when the heavy timbers are to be raised, Rauchhaupt calls on Frau Fielitz and intimates that he now has positive evidence. Realizing that Rauchhaupt at last is master of the situation, she now abandons her attitude of defiance and strikes a note of conciliation. Having invited him to a friendly glass, she succeeds in inducing him to enter negotiations for the sale of his property, with a view to complete reconciliation. But the anxiety of the past week has broken Frau Fielitz physically, and just as the weather vane, a red cock, is placed upon the comb of the roof, she collapses and dies. Fielitz, who has become convinced that he is the cause of all this prosperity, hardly takes notice of her death; not altogether a clumsy nemesis.

This play has been presented so fully in order to demonstrate the folly of a widely circulated criticism that the plot is poorly constructed. In addition to the masterly analysis of characters from the submerged strata of society, this tragic comedy is noteworthy because it transfers the dramatic interest completely to the characters and makes the plot subsidiary to them. This, however, does not mean that infinite care has not been devoted to the plot incidentally.

Hartmann von Aue, a German epic poet of the Middle Ages, furnished Hauptmann with the source for his next play. Most of us are familiar with

the story from Longfellow's version in the 'Golden Legend,' but it will be necessary to recall the source for the sake of comparison.

Heinrich, a feudal lord, had become enamored of worldly glory, and as a punishment God has afflicted him with leprosy. He flees from his court and seeks shelter with one of his feudal dependents. This peasant has a little daughter, who is greatly grieved because her parents will lose their protector when Heinrich dies. She has heard that a leper may be cleansed if he bathes in the blood of a virgin who is willing to give her life of her own accord. Heinrich accepts the sacrifice, takes the girl to Salerno, but refuses to permit the sacrifice when he sees the physical beauty of the girl. A miracle is now performed, and Heinrich, who is cleansed, marries the girl. Scholars quite generally agree that this poem was originally written to make plausible the fact that Heinrich had married a girl beneath his station. As we might suppose, the poem is written by a man who had complete faith in miracles, and the details of the poem show masterly workmanship.

Hauptmann reconstructed the poem along modern lines. He tries to make these characters and this plot reasonable to us by interpreting them psychologically, and without reference to miracles. Entirely new motives govern this modern version.

Heinrich is a feudal lord as before, but he has a deep distrust for the religion of his time. On a crusade he has come into touch with other civilizations, and, what is most important, he has imbibed Eastern philosophy, and is deeply interested in the Koran. His soul is shaken by the greatest doubts, and his agony becomes more accentuated when signs of leprosy appear.

There is a touch of the true basis of Christian Science in the play at this point. His inner conflicts and doubts have asserted themselves in a physical breakdown, which takes on the form of leprosy, for leprosy was the most feared disease of the time. He now retreats from court to the home of his retainer, and brings with him his beloved books. Here he means to devote himself to study and prolonged self-scrutiny. True to new ideals which he has marked out for himself, he guards his peasants from contagion and flees from association with them.

The girl of the older version has been remotivated entirely. She is the illegitimate daughter of this peasant's wife, and feels and thinks in ways utterly incomprehensible to her supposed father. At the age of four or five she had seen Heinrich, who had left a deep impression upon her. Now that he has returned, he becomes the idol of this impressionable, sensitive girl. But her intense feelings are directed into another channel. All of her intense nature is thrown into religious devotion, and she matures the

idea that she must save Heinrich from his doom. In the older poem Heinrich willingly accepts the proffered sacrifice of the girl, fearing only that her courage will fail her; the newer Heinrich spurns the offer, and it only adds to his gloom. He now leaves the hut of the farmer and buries himself in the wilderness. When the peasant comes to his haunts he feigns madness; he goes so far as to act the part of a brutal and vulgar man in order to drive him away. Even the story that the girl is dying of grief does not move him to reconsider his purpose.

But tidings of a different nature reach him. He hears that his cousin Conrad is planning to usurp his throne. An irresistible impulse to see the world seizes him, and in his leper's robes he sets out. In the course of his wanderings he comes to his court, where his own obsequies are being celebrated by his cousin. Here tidings reach him that the girl is dead, and he is impelled to go back to her home. He comes to the priest's hut, and finds the girl at the point of insanity, the result of her prolonged religious ecstacies. As soon as she sees Heinrich she sets out on her pilgrimage with him, and he follows simply because he has lost all self-direction.

On the way to Salerno, the life on the open fields partially restores both. Heinrich, however, does not regain clearness of vision until the sacrifice is at hand. The gravity of the moment clears away the mists, and he stoutly refuses to allow the sacrifice to be made. The girl, however, is overwhelmed by her experience. She now sees that that which she has regarded as religious devotion is nothing but earthly love. Heinrich by his experiences finally comes to the right views of life. Not to flee from problems and duties, but to face them,— not to flee from life, but to live it as abundantly as possible.

The criticism which has been leveled at this play is that it shows a lamentable paucity of ideas. This arises from the fact that Hauptmann strove for simplicity, and was anxious not to interlard his poem with intellectual phrases. Attention is almost completely centered upon the development of the characters with special care for their ultimate plausibility. There are comparatively few quotable passages, but nevertheless we probably have in ' Der arme Heinrich ' the greatest play of our author. In a sense it is a sequel to the ' Sunken Bell.' The Heinrich of ' The Sunken Bell ' ends in ruin because his idealism is completely fantastic; it overleaps itself. The Heinrich of this play works his way through doubts and confusion to a productive philosophy and to a fruitful life. Like Goethe's Faust, Heinrich finds his salvation in productive activity. It is quite clear that Hauptmann might have given us more philosophical theory in this book. Mindful of the criticism of the second part of 'Faust,' I am not ready to

assert that this drama would have gained in abiding poetic worth by that process.

As a juror in a case of infanticide, Hauptmann drew his material for the most overwhelming tragedy that I have read. 'Rosa Bernd' might be called a dramatic version of Goethe's well-known lines in Wilhelm Meister:

> 'O heavenly powers, you
> Bring us into life, impose guilt upon us;
> Then you abandon us to misery. For all
> Guilt avenges itself on earth.'

The play has been called a Gretchen drama with reference to the Margaret episode in Goethe's 'Faust.' My own opinion is that there is nothing in common in the two plays.

Flamm is a man of the world. After a short school career he had become disgusted with learning and urban civilization, and had returned to his native village. Here he married a woman who was his elder by a number of years. After their child is born she remains an invalid, and Flamm shapes his future in a rather loose manner morally. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Flamm dies, and so great is their solitude that they encourage his playmate Rosa Bernd to spend all of her free hours at their home. Rosa is the oldest daughter of a very pious, puritanic widower, and she finds a freer, healthier atmosphere at the Flamms' than at home. As she grows into womanhood she is beset by admirers, but disdains all who cross her path. Her father, who is penurious as well as pious, presses the suit of Keil because through industry and traditional good habits this man has amassed considerable means. Under the dread of this marriage Flamm begins to play upon her feelings. Man of the world that he is, he considers her legitimate prey, and brings into play all the subtle influences that he can marshal. Rosa, who has been under his influence ever since early childhood, naturally surrenders. So gradually has this relation been brought about that she enters upon it without a conception of its sinfulness.

Promptly, however, the entanglement develops. Streckmann, the fireman of the village traction engine, in spite of wife and child whom he cruelly abuses, has set his heart upon Rosa. Suspicious of her relations with Flamm, he spies about until he traps her, and then tries to use his information in order to accomplish his purpose. With consummate art Hauptmann reveals the essential purity of the girl by depicting her attitude toward Streckmann. She exhausts all means at her disposal in order to obtain his secrecy. During one of these attempts he assaults her, but promises not to torment her in future with insinuations.

Rosa now resolves upon a life of atonement. She would expiate her sin by marrying Keil, who is thoroughly distasteful to her. She severs all relations with Flamm, but Streckmann, under the influence of liquor, openly taunts her before the working men and women of the village. This so enrages Rosa's father and her bridegroom, Keil, who believe Rosa to be innocent, that they attack Streckmann, who retaliates and strikes Keil with such force that he loses an eye. In addition to her self-reproach, Rosa now feels that she is responsible for his misfortune, and continues her expiation by caring for him in his affliction. They are days of bitter woe to her, for she now realizes that she is to become a mother. She shuns all human intercourse, and even refuses to go to Mrs. Flamm, who sends for her.

The village broil gets into the local court. Although Keil does not press the suit, Rosa's father, convinced of her purity, will not allow the matter to rest. When the judge probes into the situation, Flamm, who has been summoned, makes a full confession, but Rosa, who for some time has been partially insane from grief, stoutly denies her sin.

In a scene turgid with dramatic interest, Frau Flamme, at home in her invalid's chair, begins to question her husband about the fate of Rosa, and finds to her horror that he is guilty of the girl's downfall. On her way from the court room Rosa comes to Mrs. Flamm in response to urgent requests from her. She now discloses the fact that she had committed perjury because she had been ashamed to confess the truth. Flamm, who from an adjoining room has heard the confession of her perjury and an allusion to the perfidy of Streckmann, now complacently washes his hands of the whole affair and condemns the girl in the severest terms.

Dazed and frenzied she leaves the house of Flamm, and on her way home gives birth to a child and strangles it. She is found unconscious on the highway, and brought home by a neighbor. In the intervals when her strength rallies sufficiently, she prepares the evening meal for her father, and then steals away to the garret with the request to her sister not to reveal her presence. The father returns home, and later comes the bridegroom, Keil, who has learned the truth and begs Bernd to withdraw his charges. The old man is utterly dazed by the insinuations and refuses to believe them until Rosa comes into the room. In her lapses from consciousness, incoherent sentences in regard to the murder of the child are uttered. Elemental in its force is her condemnation of the father's bigotry, who within his limited interests had lost sight of the real problems of life, and indirectly had caused her shame. The police officer reappears and summons Rosa to the court room for the next day. The limits of physical endurance are reached, and she collapses.

Plain as this drama is in its treatment of sexual problems, even Hauptmann's enemies concede the uniformly high moral tone of the author. It is necessary to face this question fairly if we would solve it. A large number of modern plays are positively nasty because sexual problems are touched for the sake of their suggestiveness. Hauptmann presents life in its entirety. He does not shrink from facts that are necessary to bring out the complete picture of a character. It is just this frankness that enables him to stir us to our very depths in this tragedy of Rosa Bernd, who by her sensitiveness, her disgust for vulgarity, is driven to the depths of crime, while the complacent author of her ruin confesses freely and goes unpunished.

From what has thus far been said of the drama many will doubtless conclude that after all it is not altogether unlike other works of its kind. Only a careful study can reveal how the poet traces the spiritual suffering of this girl; and the essence of the play is best grasped when we recall Hirschfeld's statement that Hauptmann has an almost militant sympathy for the suffering of his fellowbeings.

Heine once stated that the great poet is like nature: both produce the most wonderful effects with the simplest means. There is not a startling line in 'Rosa Bernd,' yet by the simplest changes in the use of a word, often the subtlest changes of emotion are indicated. The simple confessions rise to a dramatic force that is overwhelming. At the height of her frenzy at the end of the third act, when Streckmann has struck down Keil, Rosa remarks to one of the women, ' One can tell no one about that! no — no — it's impossible, it can't be done! After all's said — one ought to have a mother.'

Again, when Mrs. Flamm confronts Rosa with the question of her perjury, she simply utters in her crude dialect, ' I was ashamed, I was ashamed.' Or her words, when on the verge of collapse she staggers to the stairway, ' Come, Martha, help me a bit! One's too deserted in the world! One's too much alone here! If one were only not so alone! One's too much alone upon this earth! '

At the time when Hauptmann was deeply interested in the dream technique, when he was writing ' The Sunken Bell,' he wrote a drama which was withheld from the public until after the appearance of 'Rosa Bernd,' when his attention was again attracted to dream poetry. I refer to his play, 'Elga,' which, as he frankly states, is founded upon Grillparzer's story, ' The Monastery near Sendomir.'

A German knight, recently married, comes in his travels to a lonely, gruesome tower, where he spends the night. The whole atmosphere is suggestive to him, and he associates it subconsciously with Grillparzer's

story. Just as in the story, which he has read years ago, a monk appears to provide fire, and the mysterious conduct of this man completes the necessary mental associations. He falls asleep at length and dreams the remainder of the play: in other words, the poet shows us how this knight associates the story with the surroundings in which he has been placed.

The basis of the remainder of the plot is the Polish question. The author wishes to show us just how the loss of nationality, more definitely, the loss of national ideals, has affected the Poles. The central figure, Starschensky, receives special attention. He has become a determinist in matters of state. He has accepted the inevitable politically, and has confined his interests to his estates, but in spite of his financial success, his life lacks purpose, is colorless and monotonous. But he goes to Warsaw, the ancient capital, and is accosted by Elga, who implores help from him. Following the girl he comes to a mean hovel, where he finds Elga's father, Laschek, a ruined nobleman, in the depths of despair. He falls in love with Elga and marries her. Life now gets a new content for him. Through Elga he is rescued from his brooding. He hunts and fishes, he enjoys life to the utmost. A daughter is born to them, is named Elga, and Starschensky's enthusiasm for living knows no bounds.

From the beginning Starschensky's mother has been doubtful. She does not express her misgivings openly, but all of his demonstrations of happiness only move her to a passive acquiescence.

Elga has two brothers who in the course of their political intrigues have become little more than knaves. They draw upon the liberality of Starschensky repeatedly, until Elga herself is angered about it and she exacts the promise that they should not be received in the palace. After their visits cease, news comes to Starschensky that these brothers are secretly entering the castle from time to time through a gate for which only he and Elga have keys. This causes an investigation, with the result that Starschensky all but finds a man in Elga's apartments. She cleverly casts the suspicion upon her maid servant, and asserts that she alone has the right to judge her. So complete is the influence which Elga has obtained over her husband that she is able to dispel all the doubts in his mind.

A little later, however, he finds his daughter Elga playing with a golden locket. By accident one picture falls out of it, and below is the picture of Oginsky, a remote relative of Elga. A close scrutiny of Oginsky's features reveals a striking resemblance to those of Elga's child. He now goes to Warsaw and learns of Oginsky's early love for Elga, and returns to his palace. Elga again temporarily seems to dispel his doubts, but he is resolved upon investigation. He clearly realizes that there has been sin, but he means to

establish in his mind that Elga is now loyal to him. He has Oginsky slain secretly, and placed in a bed in the tower. Meanwhile he exacts pledges of steadfast love from Elga, which she gives with the greatest self-possession. He takes her to the tower, and when she still persists in her protestations, he draws the curtains from the bed where the murdered Oginsky lies. Elga, who has maintained complete self-possession up to this point, collapses before his dead body.

Thus ends the dream, and it is not surprising that the man who has been sleeping in the monastery rises from that bed which his dream has associated with the tragedy, and resumes his journey without stopping for breakfast.

Hauptmann remotivates the story of Grillparzer completely in dramatizing it. Characters and incidents are given their psychological significance, and above all, Elga is made plausible. If it is true that Ibsen succeeds in making new ideas plausible to us, it is certainly true of Hauptmann that he makes characters plausible. We have already seen that in Henschel, Michael Kramer, Frau Wolff, der arme Heinrich, and Rosa Bernd. But what of Elga? Elga interested the poet because she had a double personality. Whether Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde had anything to do with the solution of the problem, I am not prepared to say. It is certain, however, that Hauptman has shown deeper insight into human nature than Stevenson.

Elga was the daughter of a Polish nobleman. She had grown up in all the luxuries of a Polish court, and pleasure was the breath of life to her. Political reverses came, and she tastes all the horrors of poverty at Warsaw. This poverty, however, binds her with strong bonds to her fellow sufferers, and brings with it her love for Oginsky, but Starschensky lifts her out of her poverty, and at his side she revels once more in the joys that had become essential to her very being. The bonds which tie her to Oginsky, however, assert themselves, and she yields to them. Her nature is completely divided between these two impulses; hence when Oginsky suggests flight to her, she spurns the proposal, because it would mean a life of poverty and privation in foreign lands. Nor is Elga insincere in her assertions that she loves Starschensky: only the sight of the murdered Oginsky can bring about her final collapse.

There is an air of the inexorable about Elga. Sin avenges itself, is again the dominant note in the play, but Elga becomes intelligible to us in spite of the fact that we cannot excuse her. This, I take it, however, is the very essence of tragedy.

A discussion of the next play, 'Und Pippa tanzt,' has appeared in Poet Lore, and therefore not be discussed in the present paper.

At the time of the appearance of 'Und Pippa tanzt,' Hauptmann published his 'Collected Works,' and hence this drama in a way marks an epoch in the development of the author.

The statement which the poet issued at that time gives us an extraordinary key to his whole artistic activity, and hence it may be quoted here.

'At the bottom of all thinking lies perception. Thinking is also a conflict, hence it is dramatic. Every philosopher who presents the system of his constructions to us has deduced it from decisions which he has reached in the party conflicts of his inner consciousness; accordingly I consider the drama the expression of original thought activity, on a high plane of development, of course, without making those deductions which are of interest to the philosopher.

'From this point of view a whole series of deductions result which broaden the scope of the drama in all directions indefinitely, so that nothing that presents itself to the outer or inner consciousness can be excluded from this form of thought which has become an art form.

'So much and no more do I care to say by way of introduction to this, the first collection of my dramatic works; they are to be understood as the natural expression of a personality. As for the rest, it must be left to them to assert themselves as heretofore between love and hatred.'

THE SIDHE OF BEN-MOR*

An Irish Folk Play

By Ruth Sawyer

Foreword

THE Sidhe* are the faeries of Ireland. It is believed by the people of the hills that they are the fallen angels, cast out of heaven for not fighting against Satan when the first great battle was fought.

The Sidhe do many acts of kindness for the hill people, they give meal in famine times and purses of gold; and sometimes they lure the young away to their faery raths, hoping on the Last Day to gain their prayers for God's forgiveness. But the people believe God has cursed the Sidhe for all time, — and when a youth or maid follows them into the Land of Faerie, it is believed that they, likewise, lose their souls.

Time: The famine year, 1848.
Place: The wildest part of the coast of Donegal.

THE PEOPLE

Bridget Hegarty, a widow.
Mairin, Barney } her children.
Shiela, her daughter.
Nora MacDiarmuid, her neighbor.
Padraic, a half-witted piper.
Six Sidhe, or faery women.

Scene.— *The* Hegartys' *cabin. Door at the back of the stage, right. Two out-shot beds, curtained and spread with bright chintz, are at the back. Next to the door hangs a picture of the Virgin, with two rosaries on the corner of the frame. The hearth is at the left; a turf fire is burning brightly, and over it a pot is hung. Beside the hearth turf is stacked, and in front stands a creepy stool. At the right of the cabin, against the wall, is a rude rack for*

* Sidhe is pronounced " Shee."

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dishes, and close to it stands a table with chairs at each end. Across a corner of the room is stretched a line, and on it clothes are hung — a child's pinafore and petticoat, a plaid shawl, a ragged coat, a bit of flannel, and a cloth for drying dishes. SHEILA *is sitting on the creepy-stool;* PADRAIC *lies near her on the floor, and beside him, his hand resting lovingly on them, are his pipes. It is evening, and dark in the cabin, the only light comes from the burning turf.*

Shiela.— An' ye saw them, as plain as ye see me here, a-makin' their music an' dancin' their reels on the slope o' the hill? The grass was soft undther their feet, an' the new moon hung in the sky wi' the stars acrowdin' it? Were their dthresses made o' the sea mist, an' their hair the color o' corn? Were their lips as red as the rowans when they're ripest; an' was the music they played sweeter nor the lark's song in the spring? Oh! tell it all over to me, Padraic, every bit as ye saw it, just, for I never tire o' hearin' ye.

Padraic.— Aye, their lips were red, but not so red as yours, Shiela, an' hair the color o' corn is not so fine as black, I'm thinkin'; black hair like yours, wi' the flash o' red gold in it, an' curled like the tassels o' the sally on the loch side.

Shiela.— Don't ye be mindin' my hair, lad, but tell me o' the Sidhe o' Ben-Mor,— tell me o' the faeries!

Padraic.— It were the night Jamie O'Friel brought the new heifer home.

Shiela.— Aye, a twelfth night ago.

Padraic.— I had been lookin' for a reed for my pipes at the loch. Ye'll keep the secret close if I tell ye, for there be mortal few who know that the wondther o' the music lies in the cuttin' o' the reed. No common one will do. It must grow in the loch, by the side of a gentle hill, so the wind o' the moorland can toss it through the day, an the feet o' the gentle people brush it at night. It must grow where the lark builds its nest an' the throstle sings. Ye must be careful not to whisper ugly thoughts over it, or the music it makes in your pipes will be harsh. Ye must cut it with clean hands while the dew still clings to it; an' aftherwards — ye must hang it to dthry — where it catches the laughter o' little childher, an' the voices o' the old, when they tell their beads at day's end.

Shiela.— Poor lad! I'll keep your secret; but the faeries, what o' the faeries?

Padraic.— I cut my reed at the ring o' day, an' then I lay beside the loch an' watched the sun circle the hills. A hundthred clouds I counted, an' two hundthred birds as they crossed the sky. I saw the ships sail out of Inver Bay, an' then — night came — before I knew that day had gone.

Shiela.— Where did ye eat, were ye not weak wi' the hunger ?

Padraic (*shaking his head slowly*).— We know hunger too well to mind her over much these days.

Shiela.— Aye, too well!

Padraic.— An' then the stars came out behind Ben-Mor, so close, Shiela, I said that I could reach them if I climbed. So I took the path past the holy well, an' comin' out on the slope near the heap o' stones, I caught the sound o' music, an' a thousan' feet rustled in the grass like leaves afore the wind, then I knew the Sidhe were out, an' ——

Shiela.— An' ye dthrew yourself along, huggin' the earth, till ye reached the black thorn bush, an' then ——

Padraic.— An' then I saw more than a thousan' faeries dancin' to the music of a hundthred pipers. The feet o' the dancers were lighter nor the thistle tops, an' their skin shone like hoar frost.

Shiela.— An' ye lay there, not darin' for to breathe wi' the wondtherment of it!

Padraic.— Aye! The Sidhe danced on till the moon went down an' the stars grew pale. Then the corncrake called from the bog, an' whist! like a puff o' dthry dust they were gone,— an' I lay alone on Ben-Mor, wi' the dawn comin' out o' the sea.

Shiela.— An' were ye no afeared ?

Padraic.— Afeared! why ? The faeries would not harm ye.

Shiela.— Ye think so, lad, but ther be's some that thinks different. Tell me, do ye see them often,— the faeries ?

Padraic.— Aye, ye might be callin' it often, though it's not often that I see them close. But late o' the nights I hear their pipes when I'm trampin' over the hills; or see their lights, thousan's of them, dancin' over the braes. The night I was comin' back from Barney O'Sullivan's wake, by Glenties, they throoped beside me on the road for a stretch, from the schoolhouse to the rowan tree by the spring. Ah, look ye, Shiela, what I have for ye! (*He takes out a string of rowan berries from his pocket and fingers them lovingly.*) They are fine ones, just; I climbed to the top o' the tree where they were reddest, an' when I had my hat picked full, I borrowed a needle an' a bit o' twine from Peter, the tailor, an' I made ye a necklace. Would ye wear it, Shiela ?

Shiela.— I'd be proud to, just. (*She takes the string from* PADRAIC, *and slips it over her head; as she does so,* PADRAIC *gives a little moan.*) What ails ye, lad ?

Padraic.— Shiela, what makes ye wear your hair in yon ugly way ? Ye've been doin' it long. I've counted the days on my fingers, so, an' the hand is counted full.

Shiela (*a change comes into* SHIELA'S *face. It has been full of merriment and wonder, but now it grows infinitely sad.*)— Ye see I'm growin' up, an' it might be— ye mind I only say it might be — that some day I'll be goin' away, an' I'll have to look oldther against that time.

Padraic.— I don't like the look o' ye, Shiela. Ye look the way wee Nora looked when she went over the seas; ye look like ye was leavin' us. Take the hair down!

Shiela.— If I look that way, then it's time it came down. (*Shaking her hair loose.*) There, Padraic, now do I look like I was goin' away?

Padraic.— Ye look right now. Shiela, ye'll never be leavin' us th' way wee Nora did, will ye? Say — just — ye'll never be leavin' us?

Shiela.— Don't ye be foolish, Padraic. Will ye do somethin' for me? (PADRAIC *nods.*) Get up yondther on the floor an' dance, an' I'll lilt for ye; an' we'll be merry the night.

(PADRAIC *dances one of the old reels, so common among the hill people. When he is tired he throws himself down on the hearth again, beside* SHIELA.)

Shiela.— Ah! Padraic, what would I do if it were not for ye, wi' your music an' your dreams an' your tales o' the faeries! For the childher grow white wi' the long starvin', the tongues o' the village grow bitterer an' bitterer. The fields have been brown an' bare for a twelvemonth now; an' yesternight I heard them whisper at Peter, the tailor's, that fever was acreepin' on us from Killymard.

Padraic.— I'll stand at the cross roads an' send him back when he comes, Shiela. I'll tell him the cabins are empty an' ye're all gone to th' fair at Ballantra.

Shiela (*smiling sadly*).— Poor lad, he'd no believe ye. He'll come straight down the road. I can see him thrampin' nearer an' nearer. He'll be takin' the wee childher first,— the wee childher! We'll watch them go, one by one; an' then he'll come again for the mothers an' the grannies; an' last o' all he'll take the fine, sthrong men. O Padraic, I'm afeared, I'm afeared!

Padraic (*catching her skirt and patting it*).— Don't ye! Ye look like the face on the cross. Laugh, Shiela, an' I'll pipe for ye. I'll buy bright ribbons for your hair an' a sprigged dthress next fair day. (*He reaches for his pipes.*)

Shiela (*stopping him*).— Hush, Padraic! Ye must not pipe the night. Don't ye mind that Biddy Burns's father died yester eve, an' they'll be wakin' him soon? (*She rises and puts fresh turf on the fire. She stands stirring the pot over the fire, lost in thought, then she crosses the room and takes*

down bowls and plates from the rack.) Ah! wouldn't I be likin' a new dthress, an' think o' havin' ribbons for my hair! But, Padraic, lad, it takes gold to buy them.

Padraic (*peevishly*).— Aye, an' I'll be havin' gold.

Shiela (*laughing*).— Then ye'd better buy meal with it, for there's not the full of a bowl left in the bin, an' the Blessed Lord himself knows where the next is comin' from. (*She goes to the bin which stands in front of the table, against the wall, and scrapes it clean. Then she turns to* PADRAIC *teasing.*) But I'm filled with a great curiosity, entirely, for to know how you'll be gettin' your gold. Will ye dig it out o' the rocks, or pick it off o' the brambles on the roadside? Or, maybe, ye'll cast a net for it yondther in the bay, an' seine it same as the herrin' fishers.

Padraic.— I'll know how I get it. (*Goes over to* SHIELA *and whispers.*) I'll sell a tune to the faeries.

Shiela.— What do you mean?

Padraic.— Some night I'll go pipe for the Sidhe to dance on Ben-Mor. All night long will I pipe,— an' when the day comes — they'll pay me gold — bright, shinin' gold, for my music.

Shiela (*taking* PADRAIC *by the shoulders*).— Don't ye ever say that again, do ye hear me? Never again! Do ye not mind what Father O'Reilly said, him that knows more about the faeries than any one else in Ireland? He said, 'He that goes to *pipe for the Sidhe never comes back.*'

Padraic.— I mind it well enough; but do ye think it would be thrue?

Shiela.— Aye, it's thrue. The faeries keep him deep undther the earth, *an' they keep his soul afther the Judgment Day.* Those who go wi' the Sidhe never see heaven or purgatory. For as Michael cast them out of heaven when the world was made, so does God cast out the souls of all who follow them. Ah, Padraic! promise me ye'll never be sellin' your music for the faeries' gold?

Padraic.— Aye, I promise. But I'm thinkin', Shiela, that God will find those lost souls on his Judgment Day, as the moor fowl finds her lost childher in the grasses o' the moor. They cry to her from the bog ditch bottom, or the tangle o' the thicket; an' she finds them all, every one, an' gathers them undther the shelter o' her wings when the great dark comes.

Shiela.— Father O'Reilly used for to say that, 'them wi' the simple minds often got nearer to God's thruth.' I don't know whether ye be right or no, Padraic. Supposin' your soul was saved on the Judgment Day, think o' spendin' years an' years in the dark of a faery rath! Think o' leavin' the daylight an' all this behind. Ah, it would break my heart if I thought I'd never again see them hills yondther! Never see the moorland,

wi' the black o' the turf fields lyin' afar off. Never see the whin burst into flame, or the thorn bushes linin' the road with white an' makin' the air sweet. Never again to gather the primroses in May, nor watch for the throstles to build their nest in our eaves —the pair o' them, just. Never to count the days till the heather opens, never again to sit by the hearth o' the long winther nights, alistenin' to the tales o' the faeries, an' them beginning 'Once on a time —there was a King o' Ireland's son.'

Padraic.— Shiela, you're cryin'!

Shiela.—No, I'm not cryin',—I'm sick, just,—for the love o' Ireland—

(*The children enter, their hair wind tossed, their faces thin and pale.*)

Mairin.— We've walked to Father Murphy's an' back, to carry word from Biddy Burns that the funeral would be to-morrow. We're mortal hungry, Shiela, can we have a bowl o' the stir-about?

Shiela.— Ye can, to be sure. Padraic, will ye dthraw a pail o' wather from the spring for me? There's not a dthrop left in the house for the kettle.

(PADRAIC *takes the pail and goes out. The children sit down at the table, and* SHIELA *fills their bowls from the pot over the fire.*)

Shiela.— There, eat your stir-about, dearies. I wish I had a bit o' the soda bread to gire ye with it, but there's not a bakin' o' flour left in the chest. (*She pats the children gently, then takes the plaid shawl from the line and wraps it around her.*)

Barney.— Where are ye goin', Shiela?

Shiela.—To Michael Burns's wake. Tidy the dishes when you're through, an' there's a bit o' stir-about left in the pot for Padraic; tell him to take it. An', childher, don't ye bother sayin' anything to Padraic about my goin' away. Do ye mind?

The children.— Aye, Shiela.

(SHIELA *goes out.*)

Mairin.— Why do ye think Shiela said not to tell Padraic she's goin' away?

Barney.— Sure, she may be afeared o' his followin' her.

Mairin.— Och, silly, he hasn't the sense! Except for the learnin' he has o' the faeries an' the pipes, he be's foolish entirely.

Barney.— But he be's mortal fond o' Shiela. Jamie O'Friel says Shiela an' his pipes are all he loves in the world. Do ye not mind the night he put back his bread in the crock an' went hungry to bed, so Shiela 'd have more in the mornin'?

Mairin.— Aye, an' do ye mind the day he spent all the pennies he got for pipin' at the fair, for sweets for her: he must have had a shillin' most, an' he spent it all on Shiela.

Barney.— An' I mind more than that, Mairin. Does he ever be goin' over the hills that he doesn't be bringin' something back to her,— a bunch o' primroses or a bird's nest or a wisp o' the white heather? Them rowan berries Shiela has round her neck the night, I saw Padraic sthringin' for her on the road above the spring.

Mairin.— Aye, he be's foolish entirely. (*Petulantly.*) But, Barney Hegarty, I'm tired to death's door of eatin' stir-about mornin' and night, wi' never a change on Patrickmas or Easter week.

(PADRAIC *enters unnoticed. He puts the pail down by the door and stands quietly watching the children.*)

Mairin.— I tell you what I'd like, Barney; I'd like to have this table covered, just, wi' scones, an' butter on them, an' a bowl o' gooseberry jam an' a currant cake an' a new laid egg for every one! An' I'd like to sit an' eat all day, till I'd forgotten what it was to feel hungry.

Barney.— Don't ye, Mairin! Maybe when Shiela goes over the seas she'll send us back all them things; an' gold an' a new cow in the place o' the one that died.

Mairin.— An' she'll send me back a new dthress, maybe, to wear to the chapel o' Sundays. An'd a hat wi' silk knots on it — an' she'll send mother a new shawl, an' ——

Padraic.— Who says Shiela's goin' away?

(*The children start.*)

Mairin.— Shiela herself. But ye weren't to know. She's going away because there's nothing left to eat, an' there's nothing left to sell. There's no harvest this year in the fields; an' mother says if help does n't be comin' before winther, we'll all die o' the hunger. So Shiela's goin' over the seas to a sthrange land.

Barney.— Where there's gold aplenty in the sthreets! An' every one rides in a grand carriage, wi' silks on their backs an' crowns on their heads, an' every day's a fair day, wi' pipers an' songs, an' they're never hungry at all, at all.

Padraic.— How will she get there?

Mairin.—She's goin' in Paddy MacGrath's smack as far as Malin Head, then a friend o' Paddy's, him that is the captain, takes her over the seas in his big ship.

Padraic.— An' what's the name o' the place over the seas?

Mairin.— It's called — it's called ——

Barney.— It's called — America! (*The children push back their chairs, gather up their dishes, and* BARNEY *goes to the fire and blows the dying turf.* PADRAIC *stands stupidly in the center of the floor.*)

Padraic— Ye're foolin' me, just, ye're foolin' poor Padraic. Why, Shiela can't be goin' away. When the turf was fresh on the hearth yondther, Shiela let down her hair to show Padraic she'd never be goin' away.

Mairin.— Didn't we tell ye Shiela said you were not to know! 'Don't ye be tellin' Padraic I'm goin' away'; them were her words. Weren't they, Barney?

Padraic.— An' her face was like wee Nora's when she went over the seas, all dthrown wi' a great hunger. But I'm still thinkin' she's not goin'. It would kill her, just, to be leavin' this for a sthrange country.

Barney.— That's what Mairin an' I say. I'd like to be goin' over the seas in the captain's ship; an' see the people in their carriages an' all. But Shiela says she wants to live an' die here, an' her heart's abreakin'. (*The children start to go out. At the door* MAIRIN *turns.*)

Mairin.— There be's stir-about in the pot for ye, Padraic. Sheila said for ye to take it.

(*The children go out.* PADRAIC *fills a bowl for himself from the pot, then sits down on the creepy-stool and eats, and as he eats he thinks and thinks.*)

Padraic.— She never forgets Padraic,— never forgets Padraic. Aye, I'm thinking it's thrue — the childher must know. An' who'll be good to Padraic when Shiela goes away?

(*A voice is heard outside, calling.*)

The Voice.— Padraic! Padraic, the Piper!

(PADRAIC *is lost in thought.*)

The voice.— Padraic, the Piper!

Padraic (*looking towards the door and mumbling*).— Who's callin' me? (*Many voices.*) Let us in, Padraic! Let us in!

(PADRAIC *opens the door and six faery women enter. Their dresses are the color of sea mist, and their hair the color of corn. They form a ring about* PADRAIC *and draw him in their midst into the center of the cabin. There they dance around him, singing.*)

FAERIES' SONG

Ring, ring in a faery ring,—
White feet dance while red lips sing.
Round, round on the hard, hard ground,
Not as soft as our own green mound.
Sway, sway as the grasses sway —
Down by the loch at the dawn of the day:
Circle about as we leap and spring,
Whirling leaves in a wind-blown ring.
Light on your toe, light on your heel,
Two by two in a merry, merry reel;
Fingers touching by finger tips —
Dance, white feet, and sing, red lips.

First faery woman.— Come, piper of the foolish heart and sleeping tongue,— come pipe for us upon our faery hill. Our feet are tired of keeping time to faery tunes; our ears are weary of the sound of faery pipes; a mortal's music we would have for dancing.

(PADRAIC *stands speechless and bewildered.*)

Second faery woman.— Come, play for us a reel upon your pipes, and we will fill your pockets full of gold. We will spread a feast for you, and you shall drink wine, newly pressed, and honey from the wild bees' hive; and half the harvests that have failed the world above — and we have reaped below in heaping measure— shall be yours.

Third and fourth faery women (*bearing the pipes to* PADRAIC *and putting them in his arms*).— Follow us out on the brae, and play, and we will give you a faery bride to wed. You shall keep your love in an earth-bound rath, and fair she shall be, as the flowers of the fields. Come out on the brae and play!

Fifth faery woman.— Listen well, oh foolish heart, listen well! Play one tune on the slope of Ben-Mor, and any wish that your lips may ask that will we give you, Padraic, the Piper.

Padraic.— Shiela! Shiela! Gold? No. A feast o' red wine? No. A faery bride? No, no! A wish? Aye, a wish. Something to keep Shiela from goin' over the seas! (*In a hushed voice, to the faeries.*) Fill the bin yondther with meal, golden meal, and the chest there, fill it wi' flour; an' watch it by day an' by night so it will never be empty. Mind ye the seeds, asleep in the fields, an' waken them to a full harvest. Set ye a watch at the crossroads so fever will not come hither. Plant ye the

primroses early, so they will open by May; an' cluster the buds thick on the thorn bushes, that the road may be white. Send ye the throstles to nest in the eaves in the spring; an' keep ye the turf always stacked by the hearth yondther, so the fire will burn bright when the tales are told about it of a winther night. This, this is my wish, make it thrue, an' I'll play ye the grandest music that was ever heard on Ben-Mor.

Sixth faery woman (*singing*).

Bright, golden meal that is garnered below,
And threshed by the flails of the Sidhe,
Fill yonder bin with your shimmering grains,—
And full it shall always be.
Seeds of the wheat flower, white as the thorn,
Mount to the brim of the chest;
Brown throstles, hark! the Sidha calls you afar,
Here in the spring build your nest.
Primroses, thorn bushes, hist! where you sleep —
Remember to waken by May.
Turf to the fire from the bogland shall creep,
And burn on that hearthstone for aye.
This is your wish, it is made, it will keep;
Now come to Ben-Mor. Come away!

(*The faeries circle once and go out, followed by* PADRAIC.)

(*Enter* SHIELA *and* BRIDGET)

Bridget.— Michael is the fifth that has been took since St. John's Eve; before the year is out, there will not be many of us left, I'm thinkin'.

Shiela.— Don't ye be talkin' so. There bes help comin' now I can get away to work, and soon there'll be plenty for ye an' the childher. Aye, an' a bit over an' to spare for the neighoors, please God!

Bridget.— If we can last till help comes.

(*Pipes are heard afar off.*)

Shiela.— Father Murphy has promised to give ye two measures o' meal each week; an' Neil O'Donnell will spare ye a wee bit o' the flour for a bakin' now and again. As long as the childher can find a wisp o' grass on the hills for Jamie's cow he'll be givin' them a sup o' milk each night, so don't ye be losin' heart, mother, don't ye be losin' heart.

The children (*calling from outside*).— Shiela! Shiela! (*They run in breathless.*)

Barney.— Padraic has gone off pipin' towards Ben-Mor!

Shiela.— Well?

Mairin.— An' Nora saw him startin' by the road,— an' here's Nora herself — she'll be tellin' ye.

(NORA *enters, old, bent, and also breathless.*)

Nora.— Ochone! May the blessin' o' the Holy Saints be on us this night, Bridget Hegarty, Padraic has been took by the Sidhe!

Shiela.— What do ye mean, Nora MacDiarmuid? Speak the thruth, an' don't ye be givin' us any old woman's tale.

Nora.— It's the thruth I'm tellin' ye, girl, Padraic has been took by the Sidhe o' Ben-Mor. I saw more than ten thousand o' them acrowdin' him down the road, an' him apipin' like his heart was burstin' wi' joy!

Shiela (*going to the door and looking out*)— Aye, it's thrue! I can see their lights, like stars, adottin' the slope,— an' hear his pipes aclimbin' the hill. But why did he go? *Why did he go?* (*She turns in fear and helplessness, the others watch her in wonder. As if she remembered something, she goes to the bin and opens it,— the meal overflows on the floor. She goes to the chest — it is full. Then terror comes into her eyes.*) O God, pity him, an' keep him safe when the great dark comes! (*She takes the rosaries from the frame, and giving them to the children, she leads them to the hearth.*) Kneel ye down there, an' pray for the souls of the dead. (*To* NORA *and her mother.*) An' kneel ye beside them an' pray ye for the souls of the *lost.* (*She listens a moment to the far-away music of the pipes, then she turns towards the picture of the Virgin.*) Holy Mother — hear their prayers!

LITERATURE AND THE PEDAGOGUE

By Lewis Worthington Smith

IT is, of course, impossible to say what the first teacher taught his first pupil. It may have been wifely obedience dogmatically declared the chief end of woman's existence. It is conceivable that it was something about which instructor and instructed could have less occasion for dispute, but at all events it appears somewhat clearly that one of the first branches of knowledge to find a recognized place in the schools and to maintain it was mathematics, about which there is practically no possibility of disagreement between the teacher and the taught. Let the instructor but make a sufficiently clear exposition of the relations of the angles of a triangle to the sum of the angles on one side of a straight line, and the student of this most elementary of the sciences, if he has mind enough to follow the demonstration, must agree with him. He may not wish to be convinced, but there is no escape for him. If he is not convinced he is a fool. He is told to take cognizance of a simple matter of fact, and only stubbornness or intellectual incapacity stands in his way.

Teaching, then, probably began as communication of matters of fact, not as communication of ideas. It is observable, too, that teaching of this sort puts no burden of originality upon the pupil when he on his part becomes teacher. A matter of fact cannot be turned several ways. Two and three are five once and for all, and the mind stops with that. Further juggling with the numbers can but obfuscate the fact, not expand or develop it. We may ignore the teachings of gymnastics, music, and letters as they were taught in Greece before the new education brought in mathematics and philosophy. They were a part of the social development of life analogous to the training in the duties of a home given a girl by her mother, and they did not endure as a formal part of education. The teaching of mathematics did. The propositions that Euclid established are our permanent possession. So, indeed, are the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, but not in the same sense. Ideas change with the changing years, but facts do not. It is a simpler matter to teach long-established facts than to carry pupils into the moving current of ideas and through that experience to make them care deeply for the things of the mind.

When at the time of the Renascence men began to take a new interest in the study of the languages, that, too, was in great measure a study of matters of fact. For obvious reasons it was less so than the teaching of

mathematics, but it was so in its degree none the less. These two disciplines, mathematics and the languages, have been until our own day the greater part of the educational curriculum. With the growth in interest and importance of history, sociology, and literature, the firmer establishment of philosophy, and the expansion of the sciences, these conditions have been quite revolutionized. The great significance of the change is in the fact that these newer subjects are not matter of fact subjects, that they are subjects that demand of the teacher that he shall develop ideas.

A great many teachers both in high school and college, coming to their work with no other inspiration than that of the class room, are able to do no more than give out what they have been given. Probably in the majority of cases the pedagogue is a pitcher, not a fountain. He can hold and pour out, but nothing bubbles up in him. He is so both by reason of his own limitations and by further reason of that development of the processes and ideals of education that until our own day has made the communication of matters of fact the teacher's main business. As a consequence there have been carried over into the teaching of literature methods fitted for disciplines of a lower order. Matters of fact that could deserve at best but a passing glance, that could mean almost nothing for culture, have been learned and recited and made much of with a blind infatuation that makes the smile of pity inevitable.

The great fact in the world is man, man and his thoughts. The binomial theorem is strangely insignificant before the ideas that crowd upon his brain and flame upon his tongue. This great fact, man and his thoughts, reaches its supreme greatness as a thing of record that we may study in the mind of Shakespeare. The difficulty of making some one else comprehend him and his fellows is, of course, very much greater than that of elucidating the principles by which we may determine the solid contents of a parallelopiped, and the difference is one, not of degree only, but of kind. Nevertheless the youths of the land must be instructed in the wisdom of the sages as it has been given literary expression. If education is to continue the watchword of our most advanced civilization, it must include, not simply instruction in the fact, as of old, but instruction also in the ideas that embrace the fact, instruction in the things of the mind that are the glory of the larger life, instruction in the things of the spirit toward which the eager mind leaps eternally.

There are none too many original minds in any walk of life. The circumstance that a man has a doctor's degree from a great university may not mean much for his ability to do independent thinking or to inspire independent thinking in others. The pedagogue with his inherited

traditions of the value of matters of fact, unless be he an artist and a human being with red blood in his veins and large eyes for the life about him, is likely to be an alien in the world of letters. To him the trifling fact upon which it is easy to put the finger looms large and the significant thing, so frequently elusive and relatively incommunicable, is lost to the vision in the mass of unimportant and irrelevant detail. He flounders and does not know that he is floundering. He doles out his accumulated stores of information with a smug and comfortable satisfaction that is pitiably unmindful of the prescriptions of his view, of the limitations of the world that must forever hedge him in. In the very presence of the beauty, the sublimity, and the tragedy that the master minds of the world have shaped out of the movement of the Destinies, he fastens his eyes attentively upon the height and thickness of the walls of the castle against which the storm of assault shall thunder or the arrangement of moat and drawbridge, superficial circumstances of the life whose inner being is present before him, if he could see. These are things that the simplest mind can comprehend, that a pedagogue of the least persuasive teaching faculty can communicate to his pupils. Literature furnishes material for such exercises and such drills in great abundance. The student who is so taught will often himself be deceived with regard to the worth of what he gets. Unless possessed of an original mind and a mind somewhat matured, he is rarely able to realize that he is being fed upon the husks of scholarship, and that it would be just as possible for him to starve without assistance. Why should he realize it, when the man in whose footsteps he is supposed to walk with blind docility has no more comprehension of it than the untaught babe to whose vision the eternal verities have never been glimpsed for a moment?

That the pedagogue whose business it is to teach literature is all too often perfectly incapable of appreciating the proper aims of any such teaching may appear in a moment from a list of examination questions as given out by college professors in various reputable schools of the country. In some cases, as a matter of courtesy to the professors and to those through whom the questions have been obtained, they have been altered so as to be not exactly the question as given out by the instructor, but such alteration or substitution of one question for another has not been of a kind to affect the essential character of the question. It seems reasonable to assume that examination questions sufficiently indicate a teacher's understanding of what it is most important for his pupils to know. At any rate, there seems to be no other equally good criterion outside of the teacher's own personal statement of his aims, and that clearly is a thing not readily available. Even if it were, it might be open to some little suspicion, since a

teacher's formal expression of his pedagogical purposes does not always square with the working out of those purposes in practice. In such cases it is too often something trumped up for the display needs of the occasion. Perhaps the examination questions will, after all, serve our needs better. They follow here, numbered in order for convenience of reference.

1. Where did Hawthorne get the plot for ' The Scarlet Letter ' ?
2. Write briefly of the list of Ashby.
3. Give estimate of the character of Bois-Guilbert.
4. What was the effect on the character of Roger Chillingworth in the persecution of the minister ?
5. Name in chronological order the poems written by Byron in which his relations with Lady Byron are in any way touched upon.
6. Give the meaning of line 206 in ——.
7. Tell the story of the influences by which Brutus is persuaded to join with Cassius and the other conspirators.
8. To what is the allusion in (' Hamlet ') ' their inhibition . . . the late innovation ' ?

Question number one is very evidently that of a teacher who has no proper conception of the right ends in the teaching of literature. There are various useful things that a student may rightly do with the plot of a novel. He may show how the author changed it from the original form in which it came to him, and may show further why he probably did so change it. He may analyze the plot with a view to developing its structural unity or its structural weaknesses. He may show how it is or is not a natural development of the characters of the novel in their relations to one another. The doing of any one of these things would be an intellectual discipline, would develop ideas and strengthen understanding. The student could reach conclusions only by thinking about the subject matter. On the other hand, asking students to learn the bald facts about the sources from which an author derives his plot is as futile as offering mouldy sawdust as an improvement upon the latest breakfast food. It is worse than childish, because it deceives the student into thinking that such stuff is worth while.

Question number two may fairly be called even worse. The fact that an author does take things and transform them for his own uses, that he does not necessarily invent his plots for himself, is an immediate inference from such study as prepares a student for answering the first question. It is a thing worth learning, although there should be no occasion for learning it again after a year or two in the high school. The second question is therefore worse, because why any one should think it a literary task for

college or other students to prepare themselves to write about the lists at Ashby passes comprehension. Certainly one is not any wiser after having stuffed that kind of intellectual provender into his head as one stuffs hay into a horse's manger. It is mental lumber that he must throw away some time, if he is to have space in his brain for any sufficient quantity of things really worth while. If he is incapable of entertaining ideas, this is better than nothing, but it is a teacher's business to found his teaching on the assumption that his pupils may think and may possibly enjoy thinking, that they have minds fit for something beyond employment as receptacles for such useless odds and ends of information as the thoughtful are in the habit of consigning to the waste basket.

Perhaps the third question is not quite so clearly a case of the bull in the china shop, but certainly it escapes it narrowly. By what standard of worth in character is the student to measure the character of Bois-Guilbert? Is the question to be understood in a simpler sense, and is the student to report merely what Scott has reported about the knight? It looks very much as if this were another case of the teaching of literature understood as an exercise in pneumonics. The question does not suggest that the student has been asked to consider Scott's method of presenting character or to study any of the phases of his handling of character for the purposes of his story. It does not appear to conceive of any intellectual process beyond that of storing away the bald facts in the mind for future reproduction. If it does hint in any way at exercise of any other function of the mind, certainly question number four does not. It is not quite such a triumph of fatuity as the second, but it is in the same atmosphere. Of those that follow much the same may be said, although they are not, perhaps, open to quite so severe a criticism.

Not long ago a student came to me from the reading of some of our older literature with the sigh that it was dreary. 'Yes,' I said, 'but that was the way they wrote then.' 'Let us be thankful for the present,' was his laughing comment. This list of questions is dreary enough to make any one wish to turn with as great a thankfulness to anything offering the hope of something fresher and newer. If there is no better hope and no fairer prospect, the pedagogue should be respectfully advised that he is not equal to the situation. It is a difficult situation for minds that revel in the commonplace. This present for which the student was thankful and for which we all should be thankful is not a present of commonplace either in literature or life. The pedagogical temper, unless it has felt the shaping influence of the newer inspiration, unless beyond the pedagogical temper it adds to itself also the temper of the thinker, the artist, the man of the larger world of the

mind can do little more than recognize its insufficiency and give way to men of finer mold.

There is this difference between the teaching of literature and the teaching of other subjects that it alone has not been necessarily a teaching of law. Mathematics is such a teaching of law from its simplest declaration that two and two make four to the most difficult and abstruse of its higher processes. This is true also of the teaching of languages from that stage at which the student is made to recognize the necessity of agreement between the adjective and the noun it modifies to understanding of the complex relationships existing subsisting between words and phrases having more remote connections with one another. It is hardly possible to advance a step in chemistry or physics without learning or taking into account some one or more of the laws that control the combinations and the motions of matter. The very conditions of study in these subjects impose that necessity upon those who pursue them. This is true in differing degrees of all other subjects in the college curriculum with the single exception of literature. It must be increasingly so with the further growth of the sciences and the arts. It is now possible for us to put into our heads as knowledge only a small fraction of the phenomena of the universe, only a small fraction, indeed, of that small portion of it which is our own peculiar interest. Mastery of that little is a possible human achievement only as we classify related groups of phenomena under law. Knowing the isolated phenomena is only having in our possession the material through use of which we may come to know something.

It is the great and especial difficulty of the teaching of literature that it deals with many laws and many kinds of law. Literature takes for its province the whole of life and all that man has thought about life. Further, it includes within the compass of its interests the whole of art. Other scholastic disciplines are narrower in their range, and it is therefore a simpler matter for those who employ them in the class room to determine what shall be the aim and purpose of their instruction. It is a comparatively unconscious process. With teachers of literature it must be a deliberate and conscious process. The inevitable result of shirking that necessity is failure.

The first step toward establishing order in such a complex of things is that of arranging them in groups that can be considered separately. So arranged, the first group to which attention should be given is one covering the laws of the organization of thought. Every literary production should be written with intelligent regard for the unity and coherence of its essential idea, and both as study in constructive rhetoric and as a discipline it is amply profitable to work out after the author the ordering of his thought,

making discovery of the principle of organization at work in it. Emphasis should be placed upon this last as the important ultimate end of it all. Otherwise such study degenerates easily into a matter of fact observation of the writer's order of presentation. Then it is almost profitless, because the student has not been made to go through the author's intellectual processes after him. He simply sees the result of those processes, and there is not necessarily any virtue in doing that. It is to be said, however, that work of this kind, whether spent upon the essay or the oration or the story or the poem, is perhaps more generally satisfactory and productive, in classes in literature, than any other. It is probably done toward a definite end more generally than work of any other kind. That is because it is the simplest and the most easily conceivable as an end in itself beyond that of such cramming of matters of fact as the quoted questions reveal, which is not teaching at all. Further, it draws attention to itself as a matter of practical use, since it is most readily studied in expository and argumentative writing, and these have naturally to do with the ordinary business of life. It is by explaining to others and persuading others, more or less, that we bring things to pass among our fellows.

Laws of the organization of thought are laws that govern the form of a literary production as determined by its subject matter, considered simply with relation to clarity of statement. There is another group of laws that have to do with the form of a literary work considered as an art product, and these laws we may call laws of expression. Under this heading we may group such laws as have an æsthetic basis, and may be called laws of art in the narrower sense and such other laws as have a psychological basis, and determine the expression of personality in art forms. When we are studying the rhythm of a line of poetry, we are studying it with relation to the laws of expression as a literary art. This is true again when we are studying the movement of a drama to its climax and from that on to the catastrophe. On the other hand, in studying the diction of a bit of prose or making note of the short sentences that render us conscious of some sort of nervous energy in the writer, we are learning something of the laws governing the expression of personality in literary form.

It would be foolish to say that these two groups of laws included under the general head of laws of expression are mutually exclusive. They are not so at all. On the contrary, they are generally so intermingled one with the other that in any given case we can do little more than assert the preponderance of laws of art or the greater evidence of laws of personality. It is not, perhaps, greatly important that we should always be able to make the distinction. It is important that we should realize that our study is leading

us to understanding of laws of some sort. If it does not, either the method of study is wrong or the work with which we have been busy is not worth while.

Turning to substance itself, from these two groups of laws involving relations between form and substance, we shall observe that literature presents to us laws of human personality and development. When Diana, in Meredith's 'Diana of the Crossways,' betrays Dacre to the newspaper editor, and so permits the plans of his political party to be blazoned to the public before they are ripe for execution, she does so through a moral breakdown that is the natural consequence of that shirking of obligation to her fellows to which her life has fallen more and more a victim. When Hester Prynne, in 'The Scarlet Letter,' accepts the punishment of her sin, and pays the price in a lifelong humiliation, she frees her soul from the consequences of guilt in her own nature and becomes in spirit a pure woman. When Tito, in 'Romola,' avoids the unpleasant from motives and impulses of a nature too fastidious and luxury loving, what was at first half a virtue of refinement in him becomes at last wholly evil, and blackens the world for him and for his. All these things are minute and telling presentations of laws of human personality and development. They are laws of tremendous import, laws upon the operation of which the growing mind may well be asked to pause. Recognition of them and of their implications is a disciplinary process of thought. It is a process differing in both degree and kind from that involved in putting together the three angles of a triangle so that they are seen to equal two right angles. It is capable of expansion with the growth of intelligence and the enlargement of life, and it is itself a process of growth and enlargement.

Man is a social creature. He lives in himself, but he lives even more in the lives of others. He is interested in the laws shaping the development of his own being, but he is more interested in the laws that determine the social environment in which he must establish himself and find his happiness. His continual desire is to enlarge his experience of them, and a great deal of his reading he enters upon with that end unconsciously in view. Presentation of them is, therefore, a large part of the business of literature, and the teacher of literature ought to take into account in his teaching this fourth group of laws, laws of social relation and development. When the noble order of the Round Table that Arthur has founded on the principles of Christian chivalry, on manly and womanly honor, on the power of pure thoughts and high deeds, breaks like a shivered brand before the disloyalty of Queen Guinevere, this consequence of her weakness is a social consequence having to do with social relationships and development. When

Dr. Stockmann, in Ibsen's ' An Enemy of the People,' attempts to purify the water that brings disease to all those who drink of it in the town that advertises itself as a health resort, he fails because he has not made himself sufficiently familiar with the laws that govern our social relations and development. When Lily Bart, in Mrs. Wharton's ' The House of Mirth,' dies from the immediate effect of having taken too much chloral, that is a consequence, not so much of her own misdeeds and her own betrayed judgment, as of the forces that play upon her from the social relations of her environment. She is the victim of a social development that is the resultant of many factors, of which her own misguided ambition was one, but one only.

It seems unmistakably evident that literature is to concern itself more and more with man in his larger social relations. In the increasing complexity of those relations, with the growing interdependence of man upon man, they are daily becoming more important in the life that literature reflects and interprets. In the effort to keep pace with life, to formulate even vaguely such conclusions as come from the study of an advanced society in the large, literature has a more stupendous task than hitherto, but it is clearly moving toward that task. Ultimately it can certainly accept no smaller task.

There is still another group of laws that it is the business of literature to express. They may be called, perhaps a little loosely, laws of the philosophic and æsthetic apprehension of life. They are less concerned with the transient circumstances of life than with its final meaning and worth. When the curtain falls upon the last scene of ' Hamlet,' the tragic possibility of disaster in life, the chance of thwarting that threatens the fairest promises comes upon the spirit as one of the eternal verities in the presence of which man is little better than a reed shaken by the wind. When in the terrible prison scene in Marlowe's ' Edward II,' we see the weak old king paying the penalty for the follies of a long misrule that has been worse than blind, but after all, not vicious, it is again a sense of unavoidable wreckage waiting upon our human limitations that beats upon us in the agony of his death cries. There are interpretations of life in the large, the author's sense of those immutable possibilities, conditions, and limitations under the control of which man must battle for happiness. It is his understanding of these fixed but incomprehensible laws of the universe, of the dealings of the Destinies with man, that determines his conception of the quality of life. That is always the final question for all who are not sunk into the brute. Is life good or bad ? What are the things that make it so, and how are they factors toward that result ? Is man helpless in the grip of eternal forces before which he can only stand in awe like a babe looking out over the waves of an

illimitable ocean? 'Is he master of his own fate, or must he be content to be no more than an atom in a universe of worlds whose changing attractions draw him now here, now there, irresistibly? These are the great and enduring problems. Attempted solutions of them and formulations of these solutions as laws of the æsthetic and philosophic apprehension of life constitute our priceless heritage from the great novelists, the great dramatists, and the great poets. It is to realization of these things that students should ultimately be led.

We have then, these five groups of laws that may be taught through the study of literature: (1) Laws of organization of thought; (2) Laws of expression, including laws of æsthetic expression and laws of personality expressed in art forms; (3) Laws of human personality and development; (4) Laws of social relationships and development, and (5) Laws of the æsthetic as including the philosophic apprehension of life. To the superficial observer, this systematization and classification may appear mechanical, hard, and unresponsive. It is one of the weaknesses of the teaching of English that, when it is not matter of fact, it is in danger of becoming hazy and indefinite. When it is of the sort that presents the fact rather than the interpretation of the fact, it is not positively injurious, but merely worthless and idle. On the other hand, teaching that is loose and vague may easily be destructive of those finer mental processes that other teaching tends to establish in the student's mind. Those are fruitful mental processes that pass from the fact to clear-cut conclusions about the fact. Processes that only record the fact are valueless, while those that pass from it to uncertain conceptions or misconceptions of its significance are unqualifiedly vicious. No teaching at all is better than teaching that befogs the mind and makes clarity of thinking more and more impossible. The gloriously uncritical enthusiasm that some teachers stimulate is a kind of mental dissipation that enfeebles the faculties and debauches the judgment.

It is perfectly apparent that the great difficulty in teaching literature is to be found in the variety of the laws with which it has to deal, and in their complexity. Each of these five groups of laws is a large and comprehensive one, and it is to be said that one group of some moment has been entirely ignored, the group of laws involving the principles of language usage and development. Any literary product of importance may exhibit many examples or illustrations under each or all of these groups. It is not surprising, then, that, in this bewildering array of material, the pedagogue should find himself confused and troubled and should often fail to recognize the nature of the problem. Indeed, what shall he do? It is practically impossible to lead any but the more mature minds among college students,

not to speak of those in the high school, to any such analysis of literature and its elements as this. The formal character of that kind of presentation of things that to the undeveloped mind seem in themselves essentially informal is at once forbidding. Realization of the teaching of literature as the teaching of law should, however, be the ultimate aim of the work from the beginning in the high school to its most advanced stages. He may not find it advisable so to announce to his pupils, but the teacher should come to some such clear understanding of his aims for himself in order that he may know what he is doing and why.

Having these fundamental purposes and conclusions of his work fairly and clearly in mind, the pedagogue should then determine which of these various groups of laws are open for his interpretation in the particular writing that he has in hand. Having settled that, he should decide which among them are most significant, which are most fully and clearly presented, which are most adapted to the particular students with whom he has to deal. He is then prepared to develop such phases of the subject as will be most profitable and to ignore others, to make the teaching of literature a mental discipline and a broadening of the vision such as it should be.

It is only when the pedagogue can enter into some such conception of his function as this that he has any warrant for taking upon himself the office of guide and counsellor in the world of letters. The didactic note is only indirectly the note of the great writings of the world, but the didactic spirit is the spirit of the pedagogue in its first native inspiration. It is only by entering into the larger vision that the pedagogical temper informs itself with that nobler temper of art and letters. Then and then only is it fitted to be the mouthpiece, as it were, of that speech of fullest utterance that is the enduring joy of books.

A WORD FOR ROSSETTI

By Nancy K. Foster

IN this hour of Ibsen problems and D'Annunzio morals, when affinities and the sex question are the insistent themes of novel, poem, and drama, to indulge oneself in the poetry of a singer like Dante Gabriel Rossetti proves an antidote certain to cure, if the reader is still susceptible to delicate stimulants, alleviative even to the confessedly debauched in the school of modern decadence.

Some poetry, Chaucer's, Browning's, is an incentive. Other verse, that of Keats, de Musset, has charm — that inexplicable quality which depends so largely upon the way a thing is said; again there is poetry with *atmosphere* — one dares not separate the manner from the matter, the body from the soul, or the whole falls to pieces,— word and idea, imagery and emotion are inextricably one. As the reader stands off mentally and thinks of Rossetti's verse, he is less likely to recall a suggestive epithet, a felicitous passage, than to find that a change has come over himself. The slow melody, the brooding calm, the colors, pale and fervid, sometimes glowing with prismatic lights, again cool and sequestered, and interpenetrating both music and color, a plaintive human passion, whose intensity continuously reveals incommunicable depths and beauties of the spirit — all this — has worked a spell. One's soul breathes a newer, finer air, one is never quite the same again; such is the effect of the poetry of Rossetti, the poetry of atmosphere.

Representative of that essentially artistic school of poetry, the Pre-Raphaelite, master of color, symbol, and detail, as Rossetti is, his ultimate appeal comes from that which lies within, and the secret of his power is traceable to something more intrinsic, more profound than is to be discovered from a knowledge of æsthetics or verse technique. Much of his imagery is visualized to the point of strangeness; much of it is ornate beyond the limits of taste; there is over-weening melancholy in many a poem, and not a hint of humor anywhere. But the best of his verse, the ' Blessed Damozel,' the long lyrics, ' Her Portrait,' ' The Stream's Secret,' and the ' House of Life,' Sonnets are too full of a haunting pathos and ' terrible earnestness,' of a passion that begins and ends with ' the claims of the soul,' to allow the reader to pause on the threshold to take exception. Inexcusable the discourtesy of the critic, who would misintrepret the outward guise of so unmistakable an aristocrat of the emotions. Everywhere throughout these sumptuous metaphors, a dignified mien of soul is apparent,

and the spirit of the whole body of verse is a protest against gross excitants. The man or woman who can read Swinburne for long will never come near to understanding Rossetti; the person who enjoys Whitman's verse finds his palate too blunted to appreciate the Pre-Raphaelite — these readers are beyond the sway of his delicate sorcery, his holy enchantments. Fancy an habitué of Mr. Shaw's socialistic plays trying to adjust his ear to the mood of this lyric:

INSOMNIA

Thin are the night skirts left behind
  By daybreak hours that onward creep,
  And thin, alas! the shred of sleep
That wavers with the spirit's wind:
But in half-dreams that shift and roll
  And still remember and forget,
My soul this hour has drawn your soul
  A little nearer yet.

Our lives, most dear, are never near,
  Our thoughts are never far apart,
  Though all that draws us heart to heart
Seems fainter now and now more clear.
To-night Love claims his full control,
  And with desire and with regret
My soul this hour has drawn your soul
  A little nearer yet.

Is there a home where heavy earth
  Melts to bright air that breathes no pain,
  Where water leaves no thirst again,
And springing fire is Love's new birth?
If faith long bound to one true goal
  May there at length its hope beget,
My soul that hour shall draw your soul
  Forever nearer yet.

Rossetti may not have modified in any direct way the great stream of English poetry, but there is no question as to his having powerfully revived one current, that of woman worship. Despite the opinion of Coventry

Patmore, who mournfully declared that the Ark of Passion had been delivered into Rossetti's hands, and that he had played with it, had profaned the Holy of Holies, Rossetti's poetry remains a tribute to the eternal feminine, to ideal womanhood. No one of us can read the ' House of Life ' without recognizing the old appeal of the man to the woman, to succor and guide his soul. The boy who at the age of fourteen drank in the soul passion of Dante, in ' La Vita Nuova,' never betrayed his master.

Upon the modern woman the poet throws again the old responsibility of being man's spiritual guide. Ibsen's women are thoroughly engaged in directing their own careers, Meredith's ladies are cavalierly protected and upheld in their efforts to escape the onslaughts of aggressive husbands. In sharp contrast to either one of these distinctively modern attitudes is that of Rossetti. Rossetti's woman stands for no transitional type, no new woman; she belongs to the original scheme of things; she is created, not for her own use, but for man's, for the service of others. We are startled to be so urgently recalled from the pursuit of our own self-realization, to look after the souls of men, but this is the appealing note in the ' House of Life.' No woman can mistake Rossetti's recognition of her moral pre-eminence, nor his insistence that her function is to reveal God to man. With this exaltation comes her power, her mystery, her inviolateness. There is a captivating mystery in Meredith's women, but it is the sort of mystery one might feel before a Naiad, or laughing faun. Rossetti's lady is wrapt in the sanctity of Madonna, the inscrutableness of the Sphynx; her individuality is an inseparable quality, as little artificial and acquired as the perfume in the violet.

> ' How strange a thing to be what man can know
> But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
> Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest glow;
> Closely withheld, as all things most unseen.'

Rossetti was a mystic, and in the ' House of Life ' he attempts to realize in thought and feeling what all mystics try to realize — the immanence of the eternal in the temporal, and to do this through a symbol. Rossetti's symbol was a woman — her soul and body as a revelation of God.

The Poet would have us understand that this task is no easy one; often the singer's vision is blurred and limited, indeed, the peculiar interest in these sonnets lies in this very struggle of the dual nature of the man, and in the final conquest in behalf of the spirit — through the first cycle: Youth and change, the conflict is positive, flesh and spirit intermingle, become confused.

'Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
Thy soul I know not from thy body nor
Thee from myself, neither our love from God.'

In the ninth sonnet, passion becomes transfigured into worship, the flesh gives way:

'Then said my lady, "Thou art Passion of Love,
And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof
This harp still makes my name its voluntary.'

A note of worship runs as a delicate motif through the series. The vocabulary is religious, the images are taken from the sanctuary,—the beloved's breath is incense, her face a shrine, and it is 'between the *scriptured* petals' that the lover peers for the gift of grace; finally, her eyes flash forth the prophecy of his spirit's highest ideals and reveal to him the mysteries of being:

'Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
But as the meaning of all things that are;
A breathless wonder, shadowing forth afar
Some heavenly solstice hushed and halcyon;
Whose unstirred lips are music's visible tone;
Whose eyes the sun gate of the soul unbar,
Being of its furthest fires oracular.'

The greatest poets from Dante to Browning have deified the body of the loved one because it contains the soul; but for Rossetti it *is* the soul. The old controversy as to whether his verse is fleshly or spiritual is forever rebuked by the reading of the sonnet 'Lovesight'; and there are many more in the same mood:

LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Of when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

Indeed, Rossetti's poetry more than that of any one of the moderns, is a challenge to contemporary verse with its 'moods of modernity — born of a joy that has taken flight.' Take Mr. Arthur Symons's:

'I have had enough of women, and enough of love;'

or his 'Rosa Mundi,' with its

'Angel of pale desire,
Of the flower-soft, rose-white flesh!'

mocking at Love:

'Love, they say, is a pain
Infinite as the soul,
Ever alonging to be
Love's, to infinity,
Ever a longing in vain
After a vanishing goal.'

How full of death and impotence it is before such lines as these!

THE DARK GLASS

Not I myself know all my love for thee;
How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh
To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday?
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be
As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,
Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray;
And shall my sense pierce love,— the last relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity?

Lo! what am I to Love, the lord of all?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand.

Subservient as it may be to the inner loveliness, bodily beauty in and for itself is always 'acceptable' to the artist-poet. One characteristic he never fails to emphasize — calmness — Rossetti's still women! Perhaps no

quality is more lacking in our women to-day than repose. The American woman knows not tranquillity; our artists paint them ' sitting on the edge of their chairs like discoboli waiting for a signal to whirl or hurl anything — anywhere — direction being unimportant, the sibylline contortion everything.' Nervous restlessness is unknown to these peaceful spirits; here are no violent gestures, no strident voices. No more exquisite description of a woman's voice has ever been given than in the following:

' whose voice, attuned above
All modulation of the deep-bowered dove,
Is like a hand laid softly on the soul;
Whose hand is like a sweet voice to control
Those worn, tired brows it hath the keeping of.'

Free from sensualism, mystical, as this passion is, it does not become a purely psychological power, a mere influence or experience, as in some of Browning's love poems; never the abstraction, as in Dante himself. It is the love of the man for the woman, whether she be on earth or in heaven. It is always full of yearning, of the need of the person; the blessed Damozel is homesick for her lover even in heaven! The naïve charm of the poem lies in the humanness of the maiden's grief:

' " I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
Have I not prayed in heaven ? On earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ? " '

The anguish and pain of separation have never been so tenderly and poignantly delineated by any poet in any time. Shakespeare in his sonnets has equaled Rossetti in intensity, but is wanting in the delicacy and mystery. Rossetti belongs to that class of mourners to whom the dead speak directly, because ' they speak to us now from within.' Very much of this poetry is elegiac in strain, without the trappings of classic form that we find in our great elegies, ' Lycidas ' and ' Adonais.' The lover's grief never or rarely becomes impersonal or universal, as in the ' In Memoriam.' It is essentially individual; and for this reason, all the more appealing, full of greater fervour and pathos. In that perfect poem, ' The Portrait,' the lover permits us to share a grief profoundly touching and full of a reserve so simple and dignified that the poem ranks with the concededly great poetry of

pathos, with such fine things as Arnold's 'Requiescat,' Wordsworth's 'Lucy,' Browning's 'Evelyn Hope.'

One instinctively bows the head as he reads these verses:

'This is her picture as she was;
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart! —
And yet the earth is over her.

'Here with her face doth memory sit
Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of the spirit's Palestine
Even than the old gaze tenderer;
While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side.
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

In a certain one of his sonnets in the 'House of Life,' Rossetti lets us into the secret of his art, tells us whence the magic of his power to touch the heart:

'*By thine own tears thy song must tears beget,*
O Singer! Magic mirror thou hast none
Except thy manifest heart; and save thine own
Anguish or ardor, else no amulet.'

This impassioned acknowledgment that through experience alone is the artist equipped for his task, coming from Rossetti himself is of inestimable value; the confession marks Rossetti a poet of the first quality, and we discover why his verse is of far too fine a grain to relegate to the class of poetry of hectic passion or mediæval affectations.

Rossetti is a poet of quality rather than of quantity or variety of mood and emotion. Love is his theme, the joy of possession, the grief at the loss

of love. No other subject profoundly interests him. To define this quality by a single adjective is not possible; it is, like the quality in the early Venetian artists, the outcome of temperament rather than of thought. It is something more penetrating than refinement and less vital than power — the power of Dante, of Shakespeare. It is always *poetic*, not only in the means of expression, but in content. Poetry of passion of the highest order it is, because of the achievement of the spiritualizing of the senses. The final impression is subtle and positive,— the reader feels a new regard for himself. And, after all, is there any better test of the greatness of a poet?

A QUAKER POET IN PURITAN NEW ENGLAND

By Maud Elma Kingsley

NO poet has ever been more emphatically the poet of a sectional type than has Whittier. What Scott was to Britain beyond the Tweed, Whittier is to New England,— the bard of its hills and lakes and rivers; the interpreter of its traditions and its history.

'I bring the old time back,'

is the opening line of the 1844 collection of poems; and it is to those who wish to live again the days of old New England that his poems make their strongest appeal.

The themes and motifs of Whittier's poems are familiar ones; for the loyal New Englander is well versed in the lore of the Puritan, his faith and his works; but the poet as an historian 'wears his rue with a difference.' This difference is not apparent in the purely narrative poems, in which the poet appears merely as the chronicler of certain dramatic episodes in our history; but when he turns his attention from the external relations of early New England to its internal history, we are at once reminded that, although come of the oldest and best New England pioneer stock, a Puritan of the Puritans, he nevertheless has inherited a different tradition on many subjects from that which has descended in the families of the Orthodox Church members, and entertains an undisguised dislike for many of the most characteristic and cherished New England institutions. This attitude is conspicuous in all those poems whose scene of action is laid in the Massachusetts Bay Colony at the time when the Quakers were rigorously persecuted; and the most casual reading of any one of these songs of the exiled Quakers reveals the fact that the church organization, out of which was developed the strong and flexible political system which has always given and still gives New England a wholly disproportionate influence in our national councils, seems to Whittier but an engine of oppression and persecution, wielded by a priesthood brutal, stupid, and venal. This animus against the Orthodox Church is displayed openly and undisguisedly in 'The Pastoral Letter' (1838); but is lightly and half humorously avowed in 'The Exiles,' a tradition of the Nantucket Quakers. The poet's constant

reference to the orthodox clergy as ' priests ' and ' hired priests ' is a curious survival, in nineteenth century literature, of the theological acrimony of the seventeenth century.

> ' For there with broad wig drenched with rain,
> The parish priest he saw; '

and again,

> ' And so, sir sheriff and priest, good by.
> He bent him to his oar,
> And the small boat glided quietly
> From the twain upon the shore.'

Nor does the reputation of the worthies of the old theocracy fare better at his hands. It is the pen of the Quaker which, in ' Cassandra Southwick, ' draws the picture of

> ' The dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land;'

and of Rawson with

> ' Wine-empurpled cheek.'

Whittier's position on the question of the relations between the Quaker and the Puritan, a position so startlingly different from that of the New England historian bred in the faith, needs a word of explanation. The sober judgment of history will probably uphold the firm stand made by the founders of New England against the swarm of absurd and impractical fanatics that threatened to overwhelm the little commonwealth established in the wilderness by so much toil and self-sacrifice. The Society of Friends at a very early period accommodated its practice, if not its doctrines, to the principles of civil law and order, and thereafter had very little trouble with the dominant church. The Quakers seem to have cherished the tradition, however, that their early apostles had been persecuted purely for righteousness' sake; and that all the other sects that fell under the ban of the theocracy would have made, had they been encouraged, useful and respectable component parts of the New England community. This is Whittier's standpoint in ' The Familist's Hymn,' where the simple-minded fanatic laments that a society that would not defend itself against the savages, not only had its houses burned, but was considered an objectionable neighbor by other communities.

But the reader who draws from such poems as these the conclusion that Whittier's attitude toward the Puritan was wholly unsympathetic, does not

know his poet. No keener appreciation of the difficulties with which the early settler had to contend; no more convincing justification of this settler's intolerant creed was ever written than the opening lines of the 'Double-headed Snake of Newbury':

> 'Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
> Consider that strip of Christian earth,
> On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
> Full of terror and mystery,
> Half redeemed from the evil hold,
> Of the wood so dreary and dark and old.
> Think of the sea's dread monotone,
> Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
> And the dismal tale the Indian told,
> Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
> And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
> And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
> And above, below, and on every side,
> The fear of his creed seemed verified;
> And think, if his lot were now thine own,
> To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
> How laxer muscle and weaker nerve,
> And a feebler faith thy need might serve.'

It was not until the descendants of oppressors and oppressed had found themselves united in the anti-slavery agitation, that the Quaker poet began to feel that the New England inheritance in which he claimed his rightful share was, on the whole, one of freedom and resistance to wrong. Therefore, in the first fighting of that long and bitter anti-slavery conflict, which came on over the Fugitive Slave Laws and the laws passed in the slave states discriminating against colored citizens of free states, Whittier ranges himself among the sons of the Pilgrims and appeals to their spirit for inspiration:

> 'Thank God, not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;
> The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
> Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and cool,
> She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool.'

So speaks 'Massachusetts to Virginia,' and the same note is struck in 'To Faneuil Hall':

'Wrongs which freemen never brooked,—
Dangers grim and fierce as they,
Which, like couching lions, looked
On your fathers' way,—
These your instant zeal demand,
Shaking with their earthquake call
Every rood of Pilgrim land,
Ho, to Faneuil Hall!'

And again in the poem entitled, 'To Massachusetts,' which closes with this patriotic stanza:

'To the tyrant's plot no favor,
No heed to place-fed knaves,
Bar and bolt the door forever
Against the land of slaves.
Hear it, Mother Earth, and hear it,
The heavens around us spread,
The land is roused,— its spirit
Was sleeping, but not dead.'

In the poem, 'Texas,' he even gave the aid of his stirring verse to the New England Separatists who dreamed of erecting a small but homogeneous Puritan state out of the ruins of the great American Union, although he must have realized that such a dwarfed and stunted state would have displayed all the narrow-mindedness of the old theocracy without its buoyancy of hope and promise.

These patriotic poems display most interesting inconsistencies in the mental makeup of our poet, and are as valuable for their revelations of character as for their revelations of the spirit of the time. For instance, from a Quaker poet and the bitter foe of the institution of slavery, we would naturally expect vehement denunciation of the war with Mexico, on moral, religious, and on political grounds; but on this subject our poet is strangely silent. We all remember how the hot-headed young church member, Hosea Bigelow, turns his back on the temptation of fife and drum, and calls war, 'murder — plain and flat'; and how, while tingling to his finger tips at the taunt of cowardice, he declares he

'Wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cuss o' man.'

But the Quaker calmly reminds ' A Southern Statesman ' that it is easier to set the war spirit in motion than to stop it, and that new wars

> ' May leave to fewer states the same wide door
> Through which the slave-cursed Texas entered in.'

And in ' The Angels of Buena Vista,' the same idea is repeated,— that Providence can work out His designs even through ' the smoking hell of battle.' In fact, then, the spirit of non-resistance, patience, and Christian resignation in the presence of wrong and oppression, which should be characteristic of Quaker literature, will be looked for in vain in Whittier's poetry. To be sure, as in duty bound, he gives us the picture of the white-haired Colonel Barclay, riding swordless through the streets of Aberdeen,

> ' Mock of fool, and sport of child.'

But this is an incident of a far away time and a distant land. For his own time and circumstances the poet has no thought of turning his cheek to the smiter. Every line of the ' Voices of Freedom ' is an incitement, if not to war, to the combative spirit which produces war. If one is far-sighted, he may

> ' See the calm future with its robes of green,'

but there is a deal of fighting to be done before that time comes.

Undoubtedly this aspect of Whittier's character would have been far less prominent in his poetry had he not been impelled into the thick of the conflict about slavery at just the time of life when the elemental passions of the mind are the hardest to keep in check. It is the impetuous spirit of youth that speaks in ' Voices of Freedom,' the spirit that cannot wait the Lord's good time; but must throw itself on the forces of wrong with the bludgeon, if not the sword.

The thin volume of poems, ' In War Time,' it must be confessed, seems unworthy of a poet whose stirring songs had done so much to bring on the conflict. In ' A Word for the Hour ' (January, 1865), Whittier appeals to the North to let the hated slave states go in peace, slaves and all, unconsciously revealing the attitude of the fanatical abolitionists who, from the beginning of the controversy, had fought, not so much the institution of slavery, as the legal recognition of slavery by the government of the United States. Fortunately for the world, however, the government of the United States was not in the hands of poets or fanatics; and Whittier's adaptation of ' Luther's Hymn ' shows that the poet quickly realized that the fight was for the life or death of all that the American nation had stood for. ' The Watchers,' which seems to typify the struggle in the poet's own mind between

conflicting ideas of right and duty; ' The Anniversary Poem,' in which he would like to advise his Quaker friends to abandon for the time their non-resistance principles, but cannot summon strength of mind enough to do so; and the spirited, but wholly fictitious, ballad of ' Barbara Frietchie ' are almost the entire contribution of New England's most distinctive poet to the literature of the great crisis of American history. A few excellent songs of victory, when the smoke of battle has rolled away, such as, ' The Mantle of St. John de Matha,' ' Laus Deo,' and ' The Peace Autumn,' and our poet is a controversialist and a champion no longer. He shows himself in his later poems a kindly man, animated by a more than ordinarily kindly religious faith and possessing a delicate sense of humour that lightens the most serious subject. Thus, ' The Pennsylvania Pilgrim ' and the poem on Rhode Island toleration delivered at the Brown University Commencement in 1876, breathe an entirely different spirit from his boyhood effusions on religious subjects; and in them he eschews politics altogether.

But such poems as those which have been under discussion will never be reckoned the characteristic poems of Whittier. His contribution to the literature that never dies will be, doubtless, his Indian legends, his tales of New England life, and his sketches of New England customs and scenery.

Whittier derived his Indian lore, not from books, but from the legends and traditions which, in his boyhood, still lingered about every hill, lake, and stream between the Merrimac and the Kennebec. This is evinced, not only by ' The Bridal of Pennacook,' ' The Burial Tree of the Sokokis,' and other poems based directly on Indian history, but by the Indian names and similes scattered so plentifully whenever the subject bears upon New England scenery and country life. Of these Indian legends, ' Mogg Megone,' one of his earliest efforts, is, in spite of its grave defects, a most interesting example of Whittier's literary workmanship. Against a background of grand and awe-inspiring natural scenery stands the Indian of romance and tradition, picturesque, mysterious, appealing. Around him are enacted scene after scene of New England's Tragedy of the Wilderness,—her struggle for life against the French of Canada backed by the resources, tenacity, and discipline of the great Roman Catholic monastic orders. This hundred years' struggle between the English home makers and the French empire builders, prosecuted on both sides with equal obstinacy and courage, and attended by all the cruelties which religious fanaticism and savage ingenuity could add to the ordinary horrors of war, abounded in incidents and characters capable of dramatic treatment. Whittier uses the dramatist's privilege, in his poem, of disregarding chronology and historical sequence.

The death of Rasle and the destruction of Norridgewock took place in 1724, while St. Castine's stormy life had ended in 1712, and the careers of John Bonython and the sachem Mogg belonged to a still earlier period of the struggle. The central figure of the poem is, of course, the courtly Jesuit, Sebastian Rasle, whose zeal for the greater glory of God blinds him to the cruelty of the desolating wars attendant on the policy of keeping the northern wilderness free from heretic settlement,— the cruelty to which he finally falls a victim. The character of Ruth is a part of the ordinary dramatic scenery, and Mogg, too, is merely a familiar stage hero painted red. Bonython and St. Castine, however, are well-drawn types. Bonython, no less than Castine, is a gentleman of birth and breeding attracted to the savage life by love of adventure and contempt for conventionality; both are eagerly welcomed by the Indians and become influential among them; but while the French adventurer is able to employ his influence over his savage friends to his lasting credit and glory, Bonython is disowned by his countrymen and treated as an outlaw, with the result that his alliance with the Indian becomes an added danger instead of a protection to the frontier.

Whittier's tales of early New England life are all alike in treatment. Here his light, half-humorous touch shows itself well suited to the traditions of a race that was born fully grown and whose folklore, consequently, lacks the background of an unhistorical past. 'The Garrison of Cape Ann,' is an example of such a style as applied to an historical incident, and 'Skipper Ireson's Ride,' an example of the same style as applied to a local tradition.

But it is through his sketches of New England customs and scenery that Whittier reaches the hearts of his readers and enters gloriously into his birthright as a son of New England. 'Snowbound,' as a type of this class of poems, must remain for all time the classic representation of New England rural life at its best. It is an absolutely perfect poem of its kind — an old man's memories of home set to music which strikes a responsive chord in the heart of every reader who has passed beyond middle age and sets him to

> 'Dreaming, in throngful city ways,
> Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
> And dear and early friends.'

And it is to 'Snowbound' that we leave the fame of Whittier. This poem is the ultimate expression of a great poet's great love for the people and scenes amid which he lived and died.